

UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



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SPECULUM AMANTIS.

τὸ ῥόδον ἀκμάζει βαυὼν χρόνον· ἦν δὲ παρέλθῃ,  
ζητῶν εὐρήσεις οὐ ῥόδον, ἀλλὰ βάτον.

*Incert.*

*The season of the rose is brief, make haste to  
pluck your posies ;  
Another day you'll chance to find bare thorns  
where bloomed the roses.*

# SPECULUM AMANTIS:

LOVE-POEMS

FROM RARE SONG-BOOKS AND MISCELLANIES

OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

EDITED BY

A. H. BULLEN.

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WARNING AND WELCOME.

**G**RAVE moralist, with eyes a-squint,  
And pucker'd mouth, pack hence ! away !

Your heart is hard as any flint :

Avaunt ! Love's feast is spread to-day.

And you, coy maiden, come not nigh,

Lest wanton rhyme assail your ears :

Wait till your chaste zone you untie

And Hymen put to flight your fears.

But, ho ! all ye whose brisker veins

Glow with Dan Cupid's genial fire,

Post hitherwards, 'tis worth your pains,

And harken to our tuneful quire.





## PREFACE.

IN sending out this little anthology of seventeenth-century love-verses, I must say a few words by way of explanation or apology. Some eighteen months ago I published a collection of "Lyrics from the Song-books of the Elizabethan Age" (J. C. Nimmo), and recently I issued a second collection, "More Lyrics from the Song-books of the Elizabethan Age" (J. C. Nimmo). Those volumes were addressed to all classes of readers. They may lie on a drawing-room table without offence. Philemon may give them to his Amanda on her birthday with the full assurance that he will run no risk of bringing a blush to the fair nymph's cheek. I was careful to exclude from those collections any poems that passed the bounds of conventional propriety. In the seventeenth century those bounds were not so well defined as in the present age. John Attey, in 1622,

dedicated his "First Book of Airs" to "The Right Honourable John, Earl of Bridgewater, Viscount Brackley, and Baron of Ellesmere; and the truly Noble and Virtuous Lady, Frances, Countess of Bridgewater." Among Attey's songs are the audacious verses, "My days, my months, my years," which I have given in the present collection (page 15). A noble and virtuous lady now-a-days would be justly incensed if she found such a lyric in a song-book of which she had accepted the dedication; but we may be sure that John Attey's patroness did not withdraw her favour from the composer, or express herself shocked at his temerity. Manners have changed, and "My days, my months, my years" is no longer a song for the drawing-room; but snugly stowed away with its fellows on a top shelf in the library it can do no harm.

In the present volume I have gathered together from the song-books the songs that could find no place in the former collections, and I have included several poems from rare miscellanies of the seventeenth century.

Although some of the poems here collected will be familiar to students, I am confident that a con-

siderable portion of the anthology is unknown. Sir Walter Raleigh is a prominent figure in English literature. The late Archdeacon Hannah's edition of Raleigh's poems is a valuable piece of work ; and Sir Egerton Brydges, in collecting what he supposed to be Raleigh's poems, showed commendable industry, but scant judgment. I therefore count myself fortunate in having discovered the characteristic poem, "Nature that wash'd her hands in milk" (page 76), which escaped the researches of previous enquirers. The last stanza of that poem, "Oh cruel time, which takes in trust," with a couple of lines tacked on, was published in Raleigh's *Remains*, where it is said to have been "found in his bible in the Gatehouse at Westminster." Every reader has that stanza by heart, but the complete poem—as given in the Harleian MS.—is printed for the first time.

Aurelian Townsend is a poet about whom I have often felt curiosity. He was the friend of Carew, and Suckling introduces him into *The Session of the Poets*. From one of the *Malone MSS.*, in the Bodleian Library, I have recovered the charming verses "To the Lady May ;" and I can lay my hand on other poems of Townsend which

have never seen the light.<sup>1</sup> The poems by Henry Ramsay (page 118), of whom I know nothing, of Bishop Andrewes (page 121), and of J. Paulin (page 127), are not hackneyed; and I might refer to many others.

The finest of all Cartwright's poems is here—the magnificent "Song of Dalliance"—beginning, "Hark, my Flora! Love doth call us." It is ascribed to Cartwright in the unique miscellany (preserved in the Bodleian), *Sportive Wit: the Muses' Merriment*, 1656, but is not printed in his Works. Cartwright had a great reputation among his contemporaries. "My son, Cartwright," said Ben Jonson, "writes all like a man." "Cartwright was the utmost man could come to" in the opinion of that excellent prelate, Bishop Fell. All the wits of the age paid tributes to his memory. Anthony-à-Wood and Lloyd rush into raptures about him. After reading the various panegyrics on his poems it is a sad disappointment to turn to the poems themselves. But if Cartwright wrote other poems equal to "Hark, my

<sup>1</sup> Some time ago I was at the pains to transcribe from a unique MS. a long poem of Thomas Nashe. It is smoothly written, but very gross. There must be other poems of Nashe in MS.

Flora!"—not for publication (for he was "the most florid and seraphical preacher in the University," and seraphical preachers should not publish Songs of Dalliance), but to be circulated in manuscript among his friends—then the esteem in which his poetical abilities were held would be intelligible.

Among the rare miscellanies from which I have quoted are *Wit's Interpreter*, 1655, 1671; *The Academy of Compliments*, 1650; *The Marrow of Compliments*, 1655; *Sportive Wit*, 1656; *The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence* (edited by Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips), 1658; *Wit and Drollery*, 1661; *The New Academy of Compliments*, 1671; *The Windsor Drollery*, 1672; and *The Bristol Drollery*, 1674. Many poems are from MSS. preserved in the Bodleian Library and the British Museum. The Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, with his usual kindness, has helped me when my knowledge or memory has been at fault. No man has so intimate a knowledge as Mr. Ebsworth of the floating literature of the second half of the seventeenth century.

Though not a few of the poems in the present volume could not be included in anthologies intended for general circulation, I must yet be allowed

to state that I have reprinted nothing that is offensively gross. There is a great deal of dirt—nasty worthless trash—in the miscellanies of the Restoration, and with this garbage I have not chosen to meddle.

DALKEITH, N.B.,  
*August, 1888.*

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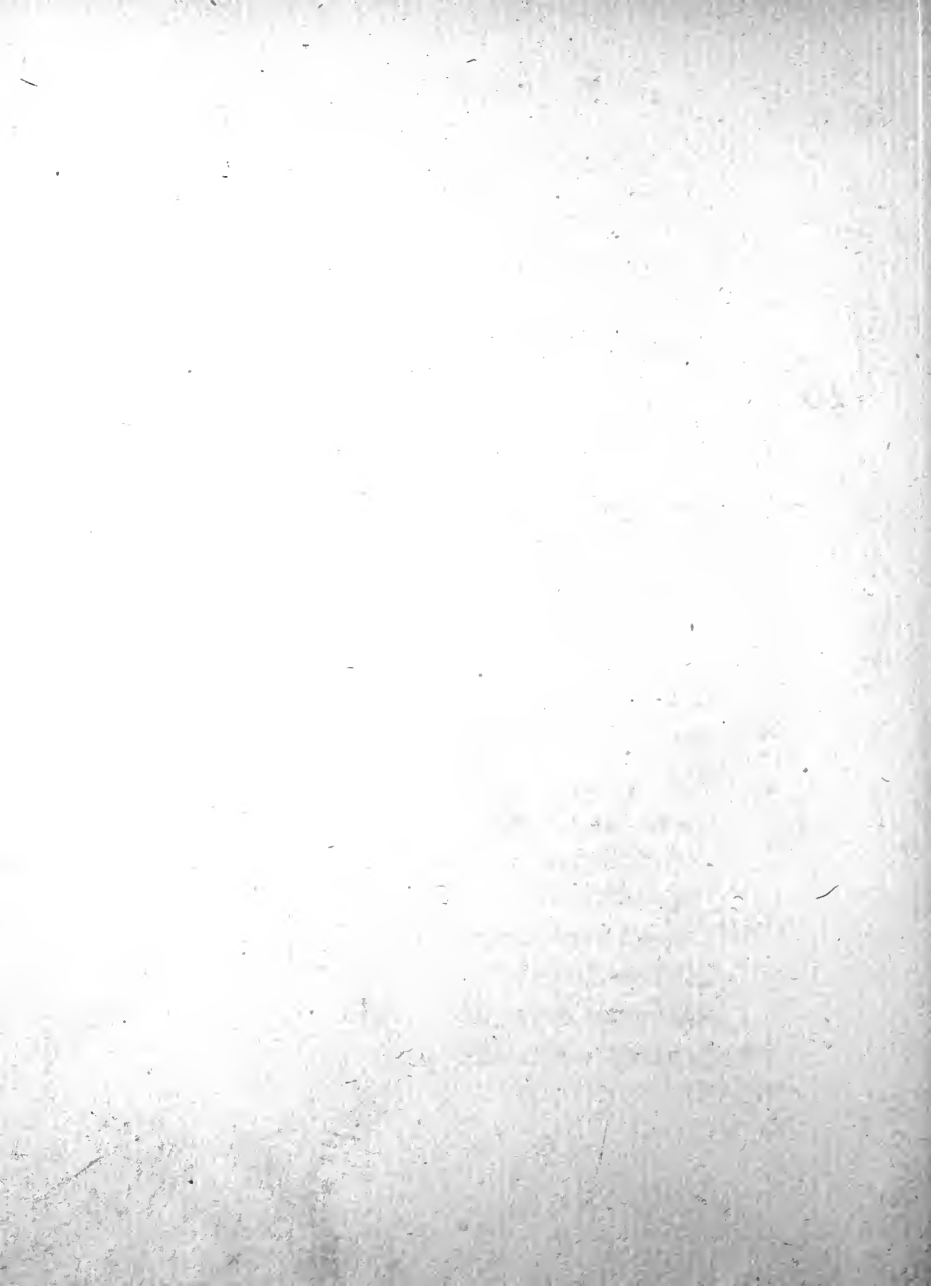
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SPECULUM AMANTIS.

From *The Academy of Compliments*, 1650.

I F<sup>1</sup> my lady bid begin,  
Shall I say "No : 'tis a sin" ?  
If she bid me kiss and play,  
Shall I shrink, cold fool, away ?  
If she clap my cheeks and spy  
Little Cupids in my eye,  
Gripe my hand and stroke my hair,  
Shall I like a faint heart fear ?  
No, no, no : let those that lie  
In dismal prison, and would die,  
Despair and fear ; let those that cry  
They are forsaken and would fly,  
Quit their fortunes ; mine are free :  
Hope makes me hardy, so does she.

<sup>1</sup> Also found in Dr. John Wilson's *Cheerful Airs*, 1660,  
and other collections.

From *Harl. MS.* 6917. fol. 38.

LET common beauties have the power  
To make one love-sick for an hour,  
Perhaps for one whole day or two ;  
But so to captivate a heart  
As it should never, never part,  
None hath that art  
But only you.

Let meaner beauties have the skill,  
By tempering hopes with fears, to kill  
And by degrees a heart undo ;  
But with a sweet, yet tyrant, eye  
At once to bid one look and die,  
None hath that power  
But only you.

Fair wonder, to those charming eyes  
A heart I fain would sacrifice,  
Had I but e'er a one in store ;  
But having lost mine long before,  
Well may I sigh, wish, and adore,  
But for my life  
Can die no more.

From *Harl. MS.* 6917.

A MOTION TO PLEASURE.

STILL to affect, still to admire,  
Yet never satisfy desire  
With touch of hand, or lip, or that  
Which pleaseth best (I name not what),—  
Like Tantalus I pining die,  
Taking Love's dainties at the eye.

Nature made nothing but for use,  
And, fairest, 'twere a gross abuse  
To her best work if you it hold  
Unused, like misers' ill-got gold,  
Or keep it in a virgin scorn,  
Like rich robes that are seldom worn.

From *Add. MS.* 22601.

CONSTANT wives are comforts to men's lives,  
Drawing a happy yoke without debate ;  
A playfellow that far off all grief drives ;  
A steward, early that provides and late :  
Faithful and chaste, sober, mild, loving, trusty,  
Nurse to weak age and pleasure to the lusty.

From *Folly in Print, or a Book  
of Rhymes*, 1667.

OF LOVE.

CUPID<sup>1</sup> is an idle toy,  
Never was there such a boy :  
If there were, let any show  
Or his quiver or his bow,  
Or the wound by him he got  
By a broken arrow shot.  
*Money, Money, Money* makes men bow ;  
That's the only Cupid now.  
Whilst the world continued good,  
And men loved for flesh and blood,  
Men about them wore a dart  
Which did win a woman's heart ;  
And the women, great and small,  
With a certain thing they call  
*Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me*, caught the men :  
This was th' only Cupid then.

<sup>1</sup> These verses are printed (with some slight alterations) in *Wil's Interpreter*, 1655. For "*Kiss Me*" (l. 15) *Wil's Interpreter* gives a word to rhyme with "*Money*" (l. 7).



From *Harl. MS.* 6917. fol. 87.

WHEN<sup>1</sup> I do love I wish to taste the fruit,  
And to attain to what my hopes aspire ;  
Refusal's better than a lingering suit,  
Long hopes do dull and senseless make desire :  
And in most desperate case doth he remain  
That's sick to death, yet senseless of his pain.

Hope is the bloom, fruition is the fruit ;  
Hope promises, enjoying is content ;  
Hope pleads, fruition's an obtained suit ;  
Enjoying's sweet when hope and fears are spent :  
Hopes are uncertain, past pleasures leave some  
taste,  
But sweet fruition always pleaseth best.

<sup>1</sup> "There was probably a close connection here with the Song on Love, beginning, 'When I do love, I would not wish to speed,' printed in *Parnassus Biceps*, 1656, p. 82, and reprinted by Robert Jamieson, in *Popular Ballads*, ii. 311."—*J. W. Ebsworth*.

From THOMAS CAMPION's *Fourth  
Book of Aires* (circ. 1617).

BEAUTY,<sup>1</sup> since you so much desire  
To know the place of Cupid's fire,  
About you somewhere doth it rest,  
Yet never harbour'd in your breast,  
Nor gout-like in your heel or toe :  
What fool would seek love's flame so low ?  
But a little higher, but a little higher,  
There, there, O there lies Cupid's fire.  
  
Think not when Cupid most you scorn  
Men judge that you of ice were born ;  
For, though you cast love at your heel,  
His fury yet sometime you feel :  
And whereabouts if you would know,  
I tell you still not in your toe :  
But a little higher, but a little higher,  
There, there, O there lies Cupid's fire.

<sup>1</sup> This jocular song must have been written long before the date of publication, for a quotation from it occurs in *Eastward Ho*, 1605. (In Campion and Rosseter's *Book of Aires*, 1601, there is a song beginning, "Mistress, since you so much desire"; but Gertrude, in *Eastward Ho*, iii. 2—"But a little higher," &c.—was evidently quoting from the present song).

From *The Bristol Droolery*, 1674.

COME, Phillis, let's to yonder grove,  
 That I may tell thee how I love ;  
 And how I've suffer'd every day  
 Since thou hast stol'n my heart away ;  
 How many nights I've lain awake  
 And sigh'd away for Phillis' sake.  
 This, Phillis, this shall be our talk  
 Whilst hand in hand we gently walk ;  
 Then down we'll sit in yonder shade  
 A myrtle has for lovers made ;  
 And when I've called thee duck and dear,  
 And wooed thee with a sigh or tear,  
 If love, or pity on thy swain,  
 Move Phillis' heart to cure my pain,  
 Then like two billing turtles we  
 Will do what none but Love shall see.

From *Vinculum Societatis, or  
 the Tie of Good Company*,  
 1687.

CHLORIS saw me sigh and tremble,  
 And then ask'd why I did so ;  
 Love like mine can ill dissemble :—  
 Chloris 'tis for love of you,

For those pretty tempting graces  
Of your smiling lips and eyes,  
For those pressing close embraces  
When your snowy breasts do rise ;

For those joys of which the trial  
Only can instruct your heart  
What you lose by your denial,  
When Love draws his pleasing dart ;

For those kisses in perfection  
Which a wanton soul like mine,  
Form'd by Cupid's own direction,  
Could infuse too into thine ;

For those shapes, my lovely Chloris,  
And a thousand charming things,  
For which monarchs might implore you  
To beget a race of kings ;  
And for which I fain would whisper,  
But my heart is still afraid,—  
Yet 'tis that young ladies wish for  
Every night they go to bed.

From JOHN COTGRAVE'S *Wil's*  
*Interpreter*, 1655.

DOWN<sup>1</sup> in a garden sat my dearest love,  
 Her skin more soft than down of swan,  
 More tender-hearted than the turtle dove  
 And far more kind than bleeding pelican.  
 I courted her ; she rose and blushing said,  
 " Why was I born to live and die a maid ? "  
 With that I plucked a pretty marigold,  
 Whose dewy leaves shut up when day is done :  
 " Sweeting," I said, " arise, look and behold,  
 A pretty riddle I'll to thee unfold :  
 These leaves shut in as close as cloistered nun,  
 Yet will they open when they see the sun."  
 " What mean you by this riddle, sir ? " she said ;  
 " I pray expound it." Then I thus begun :  
 " Are not men made for maids and maids for men ? "  
 With that she changed her colour and grew wan.  
 " Since that this riddle you so well unfold,  
 Be you the sun, I'll be the marigold."

<sup>1</sup> In the 1671 edition of *Wil's Interpreter* this poem is headed "Love's Riddle Resolved." It is found in several miscellanies of the time.

[ " Amplified and spun out, it became a ballad printed for the assigns of Thomas Symcocke, in *Roxburghe Collection*, l. 242, a probably unique exemplar, entitled 'The Maid's Comfort.' "—*J. W. Ebsworth.* ]

*Rawlinson Poetry MS., 117,  
fol. 144.*

DUNCES in love, how long shall we  
Be poring on our A. B. C.?  
For such are kisses, which torment  
Rather than give my self-content;  
Letters from which you scarce will prove  
The wisest scholars can spell love.  
What though the lily of your hand  
Or coral lip I may command?  
It is but like him up to th' chin  
Whose mouth can touch but take not in.

*From Sportive Wit: the Muses'  
Merriment, 1656.*

HARK,<sup>1</sup> my Flora! Love doth call us  
To that strife that must befall us.  
He has robb'd his mother's myrtles  
And hath pull'd her downy turtles.

<sup>1</sup> The poem is headed "Cartwright's Song of Dalliance. Never printed before." It was printed in the same year, without the author's name, in *Parnassus Biceps*, where it is headed, "Love's Courtship." Unquestionably the finest of Cartwright's poems.

See, our genial posts are crown'd,  
And our beds like billows rise :  
Softer<sup>1</sup> combat's nowhere found,  
And who loses wins the prize.

Let not dark nor shadows fright thee ;  
Thy limbs of lustre they will light thee.  
Fear not any can surprise us,  
Love himself doth now disguise us.  
From thy waist the girdle throw :  
Night and darkness both dwell here :  
Words or actions who can know,  
Where there's neither eye nor ear ?

Shew thy bosom and then hide it ;  
License touching and then chide it ;  
Give a grant and then forbear it,  
Offer something and forswear it ;  
Ask where all our shame is gone ;  
Call us wicked wanton men ;  
Do as turtles, kiss and groan ;  
Say<sup>2</sup> " We ne'er shall meet again."

<sup>1</sup> *Parnassus Biceps* reads, —

" Softer lists are nowhere found,  
And the strife itself's the prize."

<sup>2</sup> *Parnassus Biceps*, —

" Say thou ne'er shalt joy again."

I can hear thee curse, yet chase thee ;  
 Drink thy tears, yet still embrace thee ;  
 Easy riches is no treasure ;  
 She that's willing spoils the pleasure.  
 Love bids learn the wrestlers' <sup>1</sup> fight ;  
 Pull and struggle whilst <sup>2</sup> ye twine ;  
 Let me use my force to-night,  
 The next conquest shall be thine.

From DAVISON'S *Poetical  
 Rhapsody*, 1602.

## MADRIGAL.

MY love in her attire doth shew her wit,  
 It doth so well become her :  
 For every season she hath dressings fit,  
 For winter, spring, and summer.  
 No beauty she doth miss  
 When all her robes are on ;  
 But Beauty's self she is  
 When all her robes are gone.

<sup>1</sup> This is the reading in *Parnassus Biceps*—*Sportive Wit*,  
 “restless.”

<sup>2</sup> *Parnassus Biceps*, “when we twine.”



From *The New Academy of Com-  
pliments*, 1671.

L IKE to the wealthy island thou shalt lie,  
And like the sea about it I ;  
Thou like fair Albion to the sailors' sight,  
Spreading her beauteous bosom all in white ;  
Like the kind Ocean I will be,  
With loving arms for ever clasping thee ;  
But I'll embrace thee gentlier far than so  
As their fresh banks soft rivers do ;  
Nor shall the proudest planet boast a power  
Of making my full love to ebb an hour :  
It never dry or low can prove  
Whilst my unwasted fountain feeds my love.  
Such heat and vigour shall our kisses bear  
As if like doves w' engender'd there ;  
No bound nor rule my pleasures shall endure,  
In love there's none too much an epicure.  
Nought shall my hands or lips control ;  
I'll kiss thee through, I'll kiss thy very soul.  
Yet nothing but the night our sport shall know,  
Night that's both blind and silent too.

Alpheus found not a more secret trace  
His loved Sicanian fountain to embrace,  
Creeping so far beneath the sea,  
Than I will do to enjoy and feast on thee.  
Men out of wisdom, women out of pride,  
The pleasant thefts of love do hide.  
That may secure thee, but thou hast yet from me  
A more infallible security ;  
For there's no danger I should tell  
The joys which are to me unspeakable.

From *The Academy of Compliments*, 1650.

HE that intends to woo a maid  
With youthful heat, must shun the shade.  
When Flora's gardens are i' th' prime  
Let him and her pluck *May* and *Time* :<sup>1</sup>  
There, where the sun doth shine, birds sing,  
Let them two both kiss and fling,  
Till summer's fairest carpet spread  
Yields them a green and pleasant bed :  
If lovers there would strive together,  
Chastity would not weigh one feather.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Morley's song, "Thyrsis and Milla," in *More Lyrics*, pp. 116-7.

From JOHN ATTEY's *First Book  
of Airs*, 1622.

MY days, my months, my years  
I spend about a moment's gain,  
A joy that in th' enjoying ends,  
A fury quickly slain ;

A frail delight, like that wasp's life  
Which now both frisks and flies,  
And in a moment's wanton strife  
It faints, it pants, it dies.

And when I charge, my lance in rest,  
I triumph in delight,  
And when I have the ring transpierced  
I languish in despite ;

Or like one in a lukewarm bath,  
Light-wounded in a vein,  
Spurts out the spirits of his life  
And fainteth without pain.

From ROBERT JONES' *First Book  
of Airs*, 1601.

MY mistress sings no other song,  
But still complains I did her wrong ;  
Believe her not, it was not so,  
I did but kiss her and let her go.

And now she swears I did,—but what ?  
Nay, nay, I must not tell you that.  
And yet I will, it is so sweet  
As teehee tahha when lovers meet.

But women's words they are heedless,  
To tell you more it is needless ;  
I ran and caught her by the arm,  
And then I kissed her,—this was no harm.

But she, alas ! is angry still,  
Which sheweth but a woman's will :  
She bites the lip and cries " Fie, fie ! "  
And, kissing sweetly, away she doth fly.

Yet sure her looks bewrays content,  
And cunningly her brawls<sup>1</sup> are meant,  
As lovers use to play and sport  
When time and leisure is too-too short.

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. "brales."

From JOHN COTGRAVE'S *Wit's*  
*Interpreter*, 1655.

TO HIS MISTRESS DESIROUS TO GO TO BED.

SLEEPY, my dear? yes, yes, I see  
Morpheus is fallen in love with thee ;  
Morpheus, my worst of rivals, tries  
To draw the curtains of thine eyes,  
And fans them with his wing asleep ;  
Makes drowsy love to play bopeep.  
How prettily his feathers blow  
Those fleshy shuttings to and fro !  
O how he makes me Tantalise  
With those fair apples of thine eyes !  
Equivocates and cheats me still,  
Opening and shutting at his will,  
Now both, now one ! the doting god  
Plays with thine eyes at even or odd.  
My stammering tongue doubts which it might  
Bid thee, good-morrow or good-night.  
So thy eyes twinkle brighter far  
Than the bright trembling evening star ;  
So a wax taper, burnt within  
The socket, plays at out and in.



Thus doth Morpheus court thine eye,  
Meaning there all night to lie :  
Cupid and he play Whoop, All-Hid !  
The eye, their bed and coverlid.

Fairest, let me thy night-clothes air ;  
Come, I'll unlace thy stomacher.  
Make me thy maiden chamber-man,  
Or let me be thy warming-pan.  
O that I might but lay my head  
At thy bed's feet ith' trundle-bed.

From *The Bristol Drollery*, 1674.

SOL shines not th[ough] all the year so bright,  
As my dear Julia did the other night.  
Cynthia came mask'd in an eclipse to see  
What gave the world a greater light than she ;  
But angry soon she disappear'd and fled  
Into her inner rooms, and so to bed.  
I envied not Endymion's joys that night :  
Far greater had I with her lustre-light.

From *The Bristol Drollery*, 1674.

AFTER long service and a thousand vows,  
To her glad lover she more kindness shows.  
Oft had Amyntas with her tresses play'd  
When the sun's vigour, drove 'em to a shade ;  
And many a time had given her a green gown,  
And oft he kissed her when he had her down ;  
With sighs and motions he to her made known  
What fain he would have done : then with a frown  
She would forbid him, till the minute came  
That she no longer could conceal her flame.  
The am'rous shepherd, forward to espy  
Love's yielding motions triumph in her eye,  
With eager transport straight himself addrest  
To taste the pleasures of so rich a feast :  
When with resistance, and a seeming flight,  
As 'twere t' increase her lover's appetite,  
Unto a place where flowers thicker grew  
Out of his arms as swift as air she flew :  
Daphne ne'er run so light and fast as she  
When from the god<sup>1</sup> she fled and turn'd t' a tree.

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. " Gods."

The youth pursued ; nor needs he run amain,  
Since she intended to be overta'en.  
He dropp'd no apple nor no golden ball  
To stay her flight, for she herself did fall,  
Where 'mongst the flowers like Flora's self she lay  
To gain more breath that she might lose't in play.  
She pluck'd a flower, and at Amyntas threw  
When he addressed to crop a flower too.  
Then a faint strife she seemed to renew ;  
She smiled, she frown'd, she would and would  
not do.

At length o'ercome she suffers with a sigh  
Her ravish'd lover use his victory,  
And gave him leave to punish her delay  
With double vigour in the am'rous play ;  
But then, alas ! soon ended the delight ;  
For too much love had hastened ' its flight,  
And every ravish'd sense too soon awake,  
Rapt up in bliss it did but now partake :  
Which left the lovers in a state to prove  
Long were the pains but short the joys of love.

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. "had had hastn'ed."



From *MS. Rawlinson Poet.* 94.  
fol. 192.

THE <sup>1</sup> RESOLUTION.

NAY, Silvia, now you're cruel grown ;  
I'll swear you most unjustly frown.  
I only asked (in vain) to taste  
What you denied with mighty haste ;

<sup>1</sup> There are some verses in Thomas Flatman's *Songs and Poems*, 1674, which suggested, or were suggested by, the present poem. They run thus :—

## THE SLIGHT.

I did but crave that I might kiss,  
If not her lip, at least her hand,  
The coolest lover's frequent bliss ;  
And rude is she that will withstand  
That inoffensive liberty :  
She (would you think it ?) in a fume  
Turn'd her about and left the room :  
" Not she ! " she vowed, " not she ! "  
  
" Well, Charissa," then said I,  
" If it must thus for ever be,  
I can renounce my slavery  
And, since you will not, can be free."  
Many a time she made me die,  
Yet (would you think it ?) I loved the more :  
But I'll not take 't as heretofore,  
Not I, I'll vow, not I.

" The Resolution " is far the better poem.

I asked—but I'm ashamed to tell  
What 'twas you took so wondrous ill—  
A kiss. But with a coy disdain  
You view'd my sighings and my pain :  
'Twas but a civil small request,  
Yet with proud looks and hand on breast,  
You cried "I'm not so eager to be kiss'd."  
Put case<sup>1</sup> that I had loosed your gown,  
And then by force had laid you down,  
And with unruly hands had teased you,—  
Too justly then I had displeased you.  
Or had I (big with wanton joys)  
Engaged you for a brace of boys,  
Then basely left you full of nature,—  
This would have been provoking matter.  
But I, poor harmless civil I,  
Begg'd for the meanest coolest joy,  
And saw denial in your eye ;  
For with a squeamish glance you cried  
"I hate the nauseous bliss."  
"Tis well," said I ; "since I'm denied,  
For rocks of diamonds I'll not kiss."

<sup>1</sup> Quite in Mr. Browning's vein this expression, "Put case that."

From CAPTAIN WM. HICKS'  
*Oxford Drollery*, 1671.

A <sup>1</sup> NEW SONG, TO THE NEW JIG-TUNE.

WHY Nanny, quoth he. Why, Janny, quoth  
 she,

Your will, sir?

I love thee, quoth he. If you love me, quoth she,  
 Do so still, sir.

I'd gi' thee, quoth he. Would you gi' me, quoth  
 she?

<sup>1</sup> *The Windsor Drollery*, 1672, has a similar copy of  
 verses :—

I'd have you, quoth he?  
 Would you have me? quoth she;  
 O where, sir?

In my chamber, quoth he.  
 In your chamber? quoth she;  
 Why there, sir?

To kiss you, quoth he.  
 To kiss me? quoth she;  
 O why, sir?

'Cause I love it, quoth he.  
 Do you love it? quoth she;  
 So do I, sir.

Compare another copy of verses, "O Amis! quoth he.  
 Well, Thomas! quoth she," in the *Academy of Compliments*,  
 1671, p. 270.

But what, sir?

Why, some money, quoth he. O some money,  
quoth she?

Let me ha't, sir.

I'd ha' thee, quoth he. Would you ha' me, quoth  
she?

But where, sir?

To my chamber, quoth he. To your chamber,  
quoth she?

Why there, sir?

I'd kiss thee, quoth he. Would you kiss me,  
quoth she?

But when, sir?

Why now, quoth he. Neither now, quoth she,  
Nor then, sir.

I'd hug thee, quoth he. Would you hug me,  
quoth she?

How much, sir?

Why a little, quoth he. 'Tis a little, quoth she;

Not a touch, sir.

I am sickish, quoth he. Are you sickish, quoth she?

But why, sir?

'Cause you slight me, quoth he. Do I slight you,  
quoth she?

'Tis a lie, sir.

I'm dying, quoth he. O dying, quoth she?

Are you sure on't?

'Tis certain, quoth he. Is't certain, quoth she?

There's no cure on't.

Then farewell, quoth he. Ay, and farewell, quoth  
she,

My true Love.

I am going, quoth he. So am I too, quoth she,

To a new love.

From *Folly in Print*, 1667.

# A SONG IN DIALOGUE.

*Strephon.*

DEAR, I must do.

*Phillis.* O I dare not.

*Strephon.* 'Twill not hurt you.

*Phillis.* No, I care not.

*Strephon.* Then I prithee, sweet, tell me the reason.

*Phillis.* Will you marry?

*Strephon.* Yes, to-morrow.

*Phillis.* Till then tarry.

*Strephon.* I would borrow.

*Phillis.* Fruit is best when gathered in season.

From *The Windsor Drollery*, 1672.

(*After Anacreon.*)

UNDERNEATH this myrtle shade,  
 On flowery beds supinely laid,  
 With odorous oils my head o'erflowing  
 And around it roses growing,  
 What should I do but drink away  
 The heat and troubles of the day?

<sup>1</sup> A delightful rendering of the fourth ode of Anacreon. I have found a MS. copy of it in *Rawlinson MS. Poet.*, 214, where it is ascribed (how truly I know not) to "Mr. Tho. Head." It occurs in several later miscellanies; and in the variorum translation of Anacreon published at Oxford in 1683. Here is Stanley's rendering of the same ode: it is good, but far inferior to the version in the *Drollery*:—

On this verdant lotus laid,  
 Underneath the myrtle's shade,  
 Let us drink our sorrows dead,  
 While Love plays the Ganymed.  
 Life like to a wheel runs round,  
 And, ere long, we underground  
 (Ta'en by Death asunder) must  
 Moulder in forgotten Dust.  
 Why then graves should we bedew,  
 Why the ground with odours strew?  
 Better whilst alive prepare  
 Flowers and unguents for our hair.  
 Come, my fair one, come away;  
 All our cares behind us lay;  
 That these pleasures we may know  
 Ere we come to those below.

In this more than kingly state,  
Love himself shall on me wait :  
Fill to me, Love ! nay, fill it up,  
And mingled cast into the cup  
Wit and mirth, and noble fires,  
Vigorous health, and gay desires.  
The wheel of life no less will stay  
In a smooth than rugged way ;  
Since it equally doth flee,  
Let the motion pleasant be.  
Why do we precious ointments shower,  
Nobler wines why do we pour,  
Beauteous flowers why do we spread  
Upon the monuments of the dead ?  
Nothing they but dust can show  
Or bones that hasten to be so.  
Crown me with roses while I live,  
Now your wines and ointments give :  
After death I nothing crave,  
Let me alive my pleasures have :  
All are stoics in the grave.

FROM JOHN COTGRAVE'S *Wit's  
Interpreter*, 1655.

ON HIS BLACK MISTRESS.

THINE'S fair, facetious,<sup>1</sup> all that can  
Delight the airy part of man :  
My love is black, thou sayst, her eye  
Hath something of severity.  
Therefore I love : her spring will last  
When all thy flowers are dead and blast  
She's wisely framed, with art is made ;  
Your best night-pieces have most shade.  
And, 'cause reserved, think'st thou not mine  
Yields not as great a warmth as thine ?  
Her heat is inward, and she may  
More pleasant be another way :  
They're slow to yield, but, when they do,  
You have both soul and body too.  
The quicker eye and nimble tongue  
Leaves footsteps for suspicion ;  
But in her looks and language lies  
A very charm for Argus' eyes.  
Now pray then tell me, and withal  
Pray be not too-too partial,

<sup>1</sup> So ed. 1671.—Ed. 1655, "facious."



Doth not one feature <sup>1</sup> now in mine  
Appear more lovely than all thine ?  
No airy objects will me <sup>2</sup> move,  
It is the sober black I love :  
I love't so well that I protest  
I love the blackest parts the best.

From JOHN COTGRAVE's *Wit's*  
*Interpreter*, 1655.

TWO KISSES.

ONCE and no more : so said my life,  
When in my arms incained,  
She unto mine her lips did move,  
And so my heart she gained.  
Thus done, she saith, " Away I must  
For fear of being missed ;  
Your heart's made over but in trust : "  
And so again she kissed.

<sup>1</sup> So ed. 1671.—Ed. 1655, "fortune."

<sup>2</sup> So ed. 1671.—Ed. 1655, "we."

From *Rawlinson MS. Poet.* 199.

ON MRS. BEATA POOLE WITH BLACK EYES.

IF shadows be the picture's excellence  
And make it seem more lively to the sense ;  
If stars in the bright day do lose their light  
And shine more glorious in the masque of night,  
Why should you think, fair creature, that you lack  
Perfection 'cause your eyes and hair be black ?  
Or that your beauty that so far exceeds  
The new-sprung lilies in their maidenheads,  
That cherry colour of your cheek and lips,  
Should by the darkness suffer an eclipse ?  
Or is it fit that nature should have made  
So bright a sun to shine without a shade ?  
It seems that nature, when she first did fancy  
Your rare composure, studied necromancy ;  
And when to you those gifts she did impart,  
She studied altogether the black art.  
She drew the magic circle of your eyes,  
And made the chain where, in your hair, she ties  
Rebellious hearts. Those blue veins that appear,  
Twining Meander-like to either sphere,

Mysterious figures are ; and when you list,  
Your voice commandeth like an exorcist.  
O if in magic you have skill so far,  
Vouchsafe to make me your familiar !  
Nor hath kind nature her black here reveal'd  
On outward parts alone : some lie conceal'd.  
As by the spring-head we may often know  
The nature of the streams that run below,  
So your black hair and eyes do give direction  
To make me think the rest of like perfection,—  
The rest where all rest lies that blesseth man,  
That Indian mine, that straight of Magellan,  
That world-dividing gulf where whoso venters  
With swelling sails and ravish'd senses enters  
Into a world of bliss. Pardon, I pray,  
If my rude muse doth seem here to display  
Secrets unknown, or hath her bounds o'erpast  
In praising sweetness which I ne'er shall taste.  
Starved men know there [i]s food, and blind men  
may,  
Though hid from them, yet know there is a day.  
A rover in the mark his arrows sticks  
Sometimes as well as he that shoots at pricks.  
And if I could direct my shaft aright,  
The black mark would I hit and miss the white.

From *Choice Drollery*, 1656.

BLACK EYES AND ENTICING FROWNS.<sup>1</sup>

*To Lucina.*

BLACK eyes, in your dark orbs doth lie  
My ill or happy destiny.  
If with clear looks you me behold,  
You give me treasures full of gold ;  
If you dart forth disdainful rays,  
To your own dye you turn my days.  
That lamp which all the stars doth blind  
To modest Cynthia is less kind,  
Though you do wear, to make you bright,  
No other dress than that of night.  
He glitters only in the day ;  
You in the dark your beams display.  
The cunning thief, that lurks for prize,  
At some dark corner watching lies ;

<sup>1</sup> " This poem was written by James Howell. It is printed among his *Poems*, 1664, p. 68. Also in *Poems* collected by P. F. [= P. Fisher], 1663. See my Note in *Choyce Drollery*, reprint, 1876, p. 298."—*J. W. Ebsworth.*

So that heart-robbing God doth stand  
In those black gems, with shaft in hand,  
To rifle me of what I hold  
More precious far than Indian gold.  
Ye pow'rful necromantic eyes,  
Who in your circles strictly pries  
Will find that Cupid with his dart  
In you doth practise the black art;  
And by those spells I am possest,  
Tries his conclusions in my breast.  
Though from those objects frowns arise,  
Some kind of frowns become black eyes,  
As pointed diamonds being set  
Cast greater lustre out of jet.  
Those pieces we esteem most rare,  
Which in night-shadows postured are.  
Darkness in churches congregates the sight;  
Devotion strays in open daring light.

From ROBERT JONES' *Second Book  
of Songs and Airs*, 1601.

METHOUGHT<sup>1</sup> the other night  
I saw a pretty sight  
That pleased me much ;  
A fair and comely maid,  
Not squeamish nor afraid  
To let me touch,  
Our lips most sweetly kissing,  
Each other never missing ;  
Her smiling looks did show content  
And that she did but what she meant.  
  
And as her lips did move  
The echo still was love,  
"Love, love me, sweet !"  
Then with a maiden blush,  
Instead of crying "Push !" <sup>2</sup>  
Our lips did meet :

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. "My thought." The first two stanzas of this poem (which becomes somewhat enigmatical towards the end) are also found in *The Westminster Drollery*.

<sup>2</sup> Old ed. "pish ;" but "push" (required for the rhyme), the reading in *The Westminster Drollery*, is an old form of "pish."

With music sweetly sounding,  
With pleasures all abounding,  
We kept the burthen of the song,  
Which was that love should take no wrong.

And yet, as maidens use,  
She seemed to refuse

    The name of love,  
Until I did protest  
That I did love her best,

    And so will prove :  
With that, as both amazed,  
Each at the other gazed,  
My eyes did see, my hands did feel,  
Her eyes of fire, her breast of steel.

O when I felt her breast  
Where love did rest,

    My love was such  
I could have been content  
My best blood to have spent

    In that sweet touch :  
But now comes that which vext us,  
There was a bar betwixt us,  
A bar that barred me from that part  
Where nature did contend with art.

If ever love had power  
To send one happy hour,  
Then show thy might,  
And take such bars away  
Which are the only stay  
Of love's delight.  
All this was but a dreaming,  
Although another meaning.  
Dreams may prove true as thoughts are free ;  
I will love you, you may love me.

From *The Academy of Compliments*, 1650.

AS I traversed to and fro,  
And in the fields was walking,  
I chanced to hear two sisters  
That secretly were talking.  
The younger to the elder said,  
Prithee why do'st not marry?  
In faith, quoth she, I'll tell to thee  
I mean not long to tarry.  
When I was fifteen years of age  
Then I had suitors many,



But I, a wanton peevish wench,  
Would not sport with any ;  
Till at the last, I sleeping fast,  
Cupid came to woo me,  
And like a lad that was stark mad  
He swore he would come to me.  
And then he lay down by my side  
And spread his arms upon me,  
And I being 'twixt sleep and wake  
Did strive to thrust him from me,  
But he with all the power he had  
Did lie the harder on me.  
And then he did so play with me  
As I was play'd with never ;  
The wanton boy so pleased me,  
I would have slept for ever.  
And then methought the world turn'd round  
And Phoebus fell a-skiping,  
And all the nymphs and goddesses  
About us two were tripping.  
Then seemed Neptune as he had pour'd  
His Ocean streams upon us,  
But Boreas with his blust'ring blasts  
Did strive to keep him from us.  
Limping Vulcan he came

As if he had been jealous,  
Venus follow'd after him  
And swore she'd blow the bellows.  
Mars called Cupid Jack-an-apes,  
And swore he would him smother :  
Quoth Cupid, Said I so to thee  
When thou lay'st with my mother?  
Juno, then, and Jupiter  
Came marching with Apollo ;  
Pan came in with Mercury,  
And then began the hollo ;  
Cupid ran and hid himself,  
And so of joys bereft me :  
For suddenly I did awake,  
And all these fancies left me.

From *Songs and Poems of Love  
and Drollery.* By T. W.<sup>1</sup>  
1654.

## TO SYLVIA FROWNING.

N O, Sylvia, 'tis not your disdain,  
Nor scorn, nor cruelty, nor hate,  
Shall make my sadder verse complain  
Or my well kindled flame abate :  
Such goblins fright Love from a coward heart,  
But one resolved like mine can make them start.

Contract thy brow, and let thine eye  
Dart thunderbolts of anger still ;  
Storm me with all th' artillery,  
With which Love's rebels use to kill :  
I'll not retreat till I or conqueror be  
Or martyr of thy cruelty and thee.

Shoot, Sylvia, then, and spare not till  
Thy magazine of anger's spent :  
If I survive and love thee still,  
I know thou then must needs relent :

<sup>1</sup> *Rawlinson MS. Poet.* 211, contains very many, if not all, of the poems in this collection. On the fly-leaf of the MS. is a note, "Charles Williams his booke written with Thomas."

Patience in suffering oft-times hath o'ercome  
A tyrant's rage, and made him change his doom.

But if I fall unto <sup>1</sup> thy hate  
And stubborn scorn a sacrifice,  
I shall be happy in that fate  
Whilst with me all my torment dies :  
Thus shall my constancy for thy disdain  
Either begin my bliss or end my pain.

From *The New Academy of Com-  
pliments*, 1671.

I <sup>2</sup> DREAM'D we both were in a bed  
Of roses almost smothered ;  
But when I heard thy sweet breath say  
"Faults done by night will blush by day,"  
I kiss'd thee panting, and I call  
The night to record that was all.  
But ah, if empty dreams so please,  
Love give me more such nights as these.

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. "into."

<sup>2</sup> These dainty verses are by Robert Herrick.

From *The Westminster Drollery*,  
1671.

CHLORIS, when I to thee present  
The cause of all my discontent ;  
And show that all the wealth that can  
Flow from this little world of man  
Is nought but constancy and love,  
Why will you other objects prove ?

O do not cozen your desires  
With common and mechanic fires :  
That picture which you see in gold  
In every shop is to be sold :  
And diamonds of richest price  
Men only value with their eyes.

But look upon my loyal heart  
That knows to value every part,  
And loves thy hidden virtue more  
Than outward shape, which fools adore :  
In that you'll all the treasures find  
That can content a noble mind.

From *The Mysteries of Love and  
Eloquence*, 1658.

CUPID CONTEMNED.

CUPID, thou art a sluggish boy  
And dost neglect thy calling ;  
Thy bow and arrows are a toy ;  
Thy monarchy is falling.

Unless thou dost recall thy self  
And take thy tools about thee,  
Thou wilt be scorn'd by every elf,  
And all the world will flout thee.

Rouse up thy spirit like a god,  
And play the archer finely,  
Let none escape thy shaft or rod  
'Gainst thee have spoke unkindly :  
So mayst thou chance to plague that heart  
That cruelly hath made me smart.

From *The New Academy of Com-  
pliments*, 1671.

D O<sup>1</sup> not ask me, charming Phillis,  
Why I lead you here alone  
By this bank of pinks and lilies  
And of roses newly blown.

'Tis not to behold the beauty  
Of those flowers that crown the spring,  
'Tis to—but I know my duty  
And dare never name the thing.

'Tis at worst but her denying :  
Why should I thus fearful be?  
Every minute, gently flying,  
Smiles and says "Make use of me."

What the sun does to those roses  
While the beams play sweetly in,  
I would—but my fear opposes  
And I dare not name the thing.

<sup>1</sup> These verses are found in many later Miscellanies. [It was variously entitled "The Fearful Lover," "Pinks and Lilies ; or, Phillis at a Non-plus." An answer to it begins, "Forbid me not t' enquire, Why you meet me here alone."—*J. W. Ebsworth.*]

Yet I die if I conceal it :

Ask my eyes, or ask your own,  
And if neither dare reveal it,  
Think what lovers think alone.

On this bank of pinks and lilies,  
Might I speak what I would do,  
I would—with my lovely Phillis—  
I would—I would—ah, would you ?

From WILLIAM CORKINE'S  
*Airs*, 1610.

HE that hath no mistress must not wear a  
favour,

He that woos a mistress must serve before he have  
her ;

He that hath no bedfellow must [learn to] lie  
alone,

And he that hath no lady must be content with  
Joan :

And so must I, for why, alas ! my love and I am  
parted :

False Cupid, I will have thee whipped and have  
thy mother carted !



From *The Marrow of Compliments*, 1655.

HER dainty palm I gently prest  
And with her lip I play'd ;  
My cheek upon her panting breast  
And on her neck I laid :  
And yet we had no sense of wanton lust,  
Nor did we then mistrust.

With pleasant toil we breathless grew,  
And kiss'd in warmer blood ;  
Upon her lips the honey-dew  
Like drops on roses stood :  
And on those flowers play'd I the busy bee,  
Whose sweets were such to me.

But kissing and embracing we  
So long together lay,  
Her touches all inflamed me  
And I began to stray ;  
My hands presumed too far, they were too bold,  
My tongue unwisely told.

From THOMAS GREAVES' *Songs*,  
1604.

I PRAY thee, sweet John, away !  
I cannot tell how to love thee !”

“Pish, phew, in faith all this will not move me.”

“O me, I dare not before our marriage-day :

If this will not move thee, gentle John,

Come quickly kiss me and let me be gone.

(Down a down !)

“Nay, will ye, faith ? this is more than needs,

This fooling I cannot abide ;

Leave off ! or in faith I must chide.

See now, faith, here are proper deeds :

Have done, have done then ! I now bewail my hap,

Repentance follows with an after-clap.

Ay me, my joys are murdered with a frown,

And sorrow pulls untimely pleasure down.”

(Down a down !)

From DR. JOHN WILSON'S *Cheerful  
Airs or Ballads*, 1660.

I SWEAR<sup>1</sup> by muscadel  
That I do love thee well  
And more than I can tell ;  
By the white claret and sack  
I do love thy Black, black, black.  
  
So lovely and so fair,  
O'ershadowed with thy hair,  
So nimble just like air :  
All these set me on love's wrack  
For thy sweeter Black, black, black.  
  
No goddess 'mongst them all  
So slender and so tall,  
And graceful too withal :  
Which makes my sinews to crack  
For thy dainty Black, black, black.  
  
Thy kind and loving eye,  
When first I did espy,  
Our loves it did descry,  
Dumb speaking "What d'ye lack ?"  
Mine answered, "Thy Black, black, black."

<sup>1</sup> "This was written by Willm. Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, and sung in his 'Variety' (printed 1649), at the Black Friars Theatre."—*J. W. Ebsworth*.

From *The New Academy of Compliments*, 1671.

SWEET Jane, sweet Jane, I love thee wondrous  
well,

But I'm afraid

Thou'lt die a maid

And so lead apes to <sup>1</sup> hell.

For why,<sup>2</sup> my dear, 'tis pity it should be so

Thou'rt better than<sup>3</sup>

To take a man

And keep thee from the foe.

Thou art so pretty and fine,

And wondrous handsome too ;

Then be not coy,

Let's get a boy :

Alas ! what should we do ?

I see thy brow,

And well I know

What colour is below :

Then do not jest,

But smile the rest :

I'faith I know what I know.

<sup>1</sup> Qy. "in" ?

<sup>2</sup> "For why" = because.

<sup>3</sup> An old form of "then." I restore it (old ed. reads "then") for the sake of the rhyme.

From *Sportive Wit; the Muses'*  
*Merriment*, 1656.

A MAIDEN'S DENIAL.<sup>1</sup>

NAY pish ! nay phew ! nay, faith and will you ?  
fie !

A gentleman and use me thus ! I'll cry.

Nay, God's body, what means this ? Nay, fie for  
shame,

Nay faith, away ! Nay, fie, you are to blame.

Hark ! somebody comes ! hands off, I pray !

I'll pinch, I'll scratch, I'll spurn, I'll run away.

Nay, faith, you strive in vain, you shall not speed

You mar my ruff, you hurt my back, I bleed.

Look how the door stands ope, somebody sees !

Your buttons scratch, in faith you hurt my knees.

What will men say ? Lord, what a coil is here !

You make me sweat ; i' faith, here's goodly gear.

<sup>1</sup> This song was printed from a MS. in the Sloane Collection, by Ritson, in *Antient Songs*, 1790. It is in *Egerton MS.* 923, fol. 65, and *Ashmole MS.* 38, No. 272.

[“ Cf. *Oxford Drollery* (3 stanzas), ii. 89, ‘Nay pish, nay fie ! you venter to enter,’ which is by Thomas Jordan, or before 1664. There is much closer resemblance (beyond accidental coincidence) to ‘Loves Follies,’ a four stanza song in *Merry Drollery*, 1661, ‘Nay, out upon this fooling, for shame !’”—*J. W. Ebsworth.*]

Nay, faith, let me entreat you, if you list ;  
You mar my clothes, you tear my smock, but, had

I wist

So much before, I would have shut you out.

Is it a proper thing you go about ?

I did not think you would have used me this,

But now I see I took my aim amiss.

A little thing would make me not be friends :

You've used me well ! I hope you'll make amends.

Hold still, I'll wipe your face, you sweat amain :

You have got a goodly thing with all your pain.

Alas ! how hot am I ! what will you drink ?

If you go sweating down what will men think ?

Remember, sir, how you have used me now ;

Doubtless ere long I will be meet with you.

If any man but you had used me so,

Would I have put it up ? in faith, sir, no.

Nay, go not yet ; stay here and sup with me,

And then at cards we better shall agree.

From *Sloane MS.* 1792. fol. 6.

ON DREAMS.

YOU nimble dreams, with cobweb wings,  
That fly from brain to brain,  
And represent a world of things  
With much ado and little pain :

You visit ladies in their beds,  
And are most busy in their ease ;  
You put such fancies in their heads  
That make them think of what you please.

How highly am I bound to you  
(Safe messengers of secrecy)  
That made my mistress think on me  
Just in the place where I would be !

O that you would me once prefer  
To be in place of one of you,  
That I might go to visit her  
And she might swear her dream were true !

From THOMAS CAMPION's *Two  
Books of Aires* (circ. 1613).

SWEET, exclude me not, nor be divided  
From him that ere long must bed thee;  
All thy maiden doubts law hath decided;  
Sure<sup>1</sup> we are and I must wed thee:  
Presume then yet a little more:  
Here's the way, bar not the door.

Tenants, to fulfil their landlords' pleasure,  
Pay their rent before the quarter;  
'Tis my case, if you it rightly measure;  
Put me not then off with laughter:  
Consider then a little more,  
Here's the way to all my store.

Why were doors in love's despite devised,  
Are not laws enough restraining?  
Women are most apt to be surprised,  
Sleeping, or sleep wisely feigning.  
Then grace me yet a little more:  
Here's the way, bar not the door.

<sup>1</sup> Affianced.



From THOMAS JORDAN'S *Poetical Varieties*,<sup>1</sup> 1637.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT CASTADORUS AND ARABELLA  
IN BED.

*Arabella.*

DEAR Castadorus, let me rise,  
Aurora 'gins to jeer me :

She tells me I do wantonise.

*Castadorus.* I prithee, sweet, lie near me.

Let red Aurora blush, my dear,  
And Phœbus laughing follow ;  
Thou only art Aurora here,  
Let me be thy Apollo.

It is to envy at our bliss  
That they do rise before us :  
Is there such hurt in this or this ?

*Arabella.* Nay, fie ! why, Castadorus !

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Ebsworth kindly pointed out to me that this dialogue belongs to Jordan. I had taken it from *Wit and Drollery*, 1656. The earlier text is more correct. There is an MS. copy of it in *Harleian MS.* 3511 fol. 108.

*Castadorus.* What, Arabella, can one night  
Of wanton dalliance tire you ?  
I could be ever if I might :  
One hour let me desire you.

*Arabella.* Fie, fie, you hurt me ; let me go !  
If you so roughly use me,  
What can I say or think of you.  
*Castadorus.* I prithee, Love, excuse me.

Thy beauty and my love defend  
I should ungently move thee :  
'Tis kisses sweet that I intend :  
Is it not I that love thee ?

*Arabella.* I do confess it is, but then—  
Since you do so importune  
That I should once lie down again—  
Vouchsafe to draw the curtain.

Aurora and Apollo, too,  
May visit silent fields ;  
By my consent they ne'er shall know  
The bliss our pleasure yields.

From JOHN DOWLAND'S *Third  
Book of Songs or Airs*, 1603.

WHEN Phœbus first did Daphne love,  
And no means might her favour move,  
He craved the cause : " The cause," quoth she,  
" Is I have vowed virginity."  
Then in a rage he sware and said,  
Past fifteen years that none should live a maid.

If maidens then shall chance be sped  
Ere they can scarcely dress their head,  
Yet pardon them, for they be loth  
To make God Phœbus break his oath :  
And better 'twere a child were born  
Than that a God should be foresworn.

In Wit's Interpreter, 1655, and other Miscellanies, a third stanza is given :—

" Yet silly they, when all is done,  
Complain our wits their hearts have won,  
When 'tis for fear that they should be  
With Daphne turn'd into a tree :  
And who would so herself abuse  
To be a tree, if she could chuse ?"

The younger Donne printed the verses among the *Poems* by William, Earl of Pembroke, and Benjamin Ruddier, 1660, ascribing them to the Earl. Donne's authority carries no weight.

From *Harl. MS.* 791, fol. 54.

WHY<sup>1</sup> should passion lead thee blind  
'Cause thy mistress is unkind?

She's yet too young to shew delight  
And is not plumed for Cupid's flight;  
She cannot yet in height of pleasure  
Pay her lover equal measure,  
But like the rose new blown doth feed  
The eye alone but bears no seed.

She is yet but in her spring,  
Cold in love till Cupid bring  
A hotter season with his fire,  
Which soon will ripen her desire.  
Autumn will shortly come and greet her,  
Making her taste and colour sweeter:  
Her ripeness then will soon be such  
As she will fall even with a touch.

<sup>1</sup> This poem is ascribed by the younger Donne to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. It was very popular, and is found in many MS. collections. "Go, soul, the body's guest," is ascribed by Donne to Pembroke. People must have been very credulous in the second half of the seventeenth century. (See *Windsor Drollery*, 1672; *Add. MS.* 10309, &c.).

From *Malone MS.* 16.

YES<sup>1</sup> I could love if I could find  
 A mistress fitting to my mind ;  
 Whom neither pride nor gold could move  
 To buy her beauty, sell her love ;  
 Were neat, yet cared not to be fine,  
 And loved me for myself, not mine ;  
 Were rather comely than too fair,  
 White skinn'd and of a lovely hair ;  
 Not ever-blushing, nor too bold ;  
 Not ever-fond, nor yet too cold ;

<sup>1</sup> There is a printed copy of this poem, widely different from the MS. version, in the second book of *The Treasury of Music*, 1659. After l. 6, the printed copy reads :—

“Not lady-proud nor city-coy,  
 But full of freedom, full of joy ;  
 Not wise enough to rule a state,  
 Nor so much fool to be laugh'd at ;  
 Nor childish young, nor beldam old ;  
 Not fiery hot, nor icy cold ;  
 Not richly proud, nor basely poor ;  
 Not chaste, yet no reputed whore.  
 If such a one I chance to find,  
 I have a mistress to my mind.”

Compare the song in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, ii. 1—

“If I freely may discover  
 What would please me in my lover,” &c.

which probably suggested the present poem.

Not sullen-silent, nor all tongue ;  
Nor puling weak, nor manlike strong ;  
Modestly full of pleasing mirth,  
Yet close as centre of the earth ;  
In whom you no passion see  
But when she looks or speaks of me ;  
Who calls to bed with melting eyes ;  
As sweet and fresh as morn, doth rise :  
If such a one you chance to find,  
She is a mistress to my mind.

*From Ashmole MS. 38, No. 196.*

YOU that in the midst of night  
Can acquaint mine eyes with light,  
Also can command the day,  
When you please, to go or stay ;  
Nothing can your powers resist  
Whilst your shining eyes persist.  
O do but smile ! show more delight  
In adding lustre to the night,  
That your admirer now may say  
Night's more clearer than the day.

From *The Banquet of Music*, 1688.

WHY is your faithful slave disdain'd ?  
By gentle arts my heart you gain'd,

O keep it by the same.

For ever shall my passion last,  
If you will make me once possess

Of what I dare not name.

Though charming are your wit and face,  
'Tis not alone to hear and gaze

That will suffice my flame.

Love's infancy on hopes may live,  
But you to mine full grown must give

Of what I dare not name.

When I behold your lips, your eyes,  
Those snowy breasts that fall and rise,

Fanning my raging flame ;

That shape so made to be embraced ;

What would I give I might but taste

Of what I dare not name ?

In Courts I never wish to rise,

Both wealth and honour I despise,

And that vain breath call'd Fame ;

By Love I hope no crowns to gain,

'Tis something more I would obtain—

'Tis that I dare not name.

From *The Marrow of Compliments*, 1655.

THE LOVER PITHILY PERSUADING HIS MISTRESS  
TO RELINQUISH HER VIRGIN RESOLVES.

*Beauteous Mistress,*

THOUGH that no God may thee deserve,  
Yet for thy own sake (whom I serve)  
Abandon cold Virginitie,  
The Queen of Love's sole enemy.  
Practise the gesture of a nun  
When your flowery youth is done :  
Pallas joys in single life  
'Cause she cannot be a wife.  
Love then, and be not tyrannous ;  
Heal the heart thou hast wounded thus.  
Stain not thy youth with avarice ;  
Fair fools love to be counted nice.  
The corn dies if it be not reapt,  
Beauty is lost too strictly kept.  
Come then (dearest) let's not tarry ;  
One day more and we will marry.

*Which he humbly begs, who is wholly  
yours not to be disoblighd,*

T. W.



From JOHN COTGRAVE'S *Wit's  
Interpreter*, 1655.

'TIS <sup>1</sup> not how witty, nor how free,  
Nor yet how beautiful she be,  
But how much kind and true to me :  
Freedom and wit none can confine,  
And beauty like the sun doth shine,  
But Kind and True are only thine.

Let others with attention sit  
To listen and admire her wit ;  
That is a rock where I ne'er split.  
Let others dote upon her eyes  
And burn their hearts for sacrifice :  
Beauty's a calm where danger lies.

Yet Kind and True have been long tried,  
A <sup>2</sup> harbour where we may confide  
And safely there at anchor ride :  
From change of winds there we are free,  
Nor need we fear storms' tyranny,  
Nor pirate though a prince he be.

<sup>1</sup> This poem is also found in *The Academy of Compliments*  
and other collections.

<sup>2</sup> Old ed. "And."

From ROBERT JONES' *First Book  
of Songs and Airs*, 1601.

SWEET Philomel in groves and desarts  
    haunting  
Oft glads my heart and ears with her sweet  
    chaunting,  
    But then her tunes delight me best,  
    When perched with prick against her breast  
She sings "Fy, fy!" as if she suffered wrong,  
Till, seeming pleased, "Sweet, sweet!" concludes  
    her song.

Sweet Jinny sings and talks and sweetly smileth,  
And with her wanton mirth my griefs beguileth,  
    But then methinks she pleaseth best  
    When, while my hands move love's request,  
She cries "Fy, fy!" and, seeming loth, gainsays,  
Till better pleased "Sweet, sweet!" content be-  
    wrays.

From *The Westminster Drollery*.  
(*The Second Part.*) 1672.

## THE VALENTINE.

A S youthful day put on his best  
Attire to usher morn  
And she to greet her glorious guest  
Did her fair self adorn,  
Up did I rise, and hid mine eyes  
As I went through the street,  
Lest I should one that I despise  
Before a fairer meet.

And why  
Was I,  
Think you, so nice and fine ?  
Well did I wot  
(Who wots it not ?)  
It was Saint Valentine.

In fields by Phœbus great with young  
Of flowers and hopeful buds,  
Resembling thoughts that freshly sprung  
In lovers' lively bloods,

A damsel fair and fine I saw,  
So fair and finely dight,  
As put my heart almost in awe  
To attempt a mate so bright :  
But O  
Why so ?  
Her purpose was like mine,  
And readily  
She said as I  
“ Good morrow, Valentine.”  
A fair of love we kept a while :  
She for each word I said  
Gave me two smiles, and for each smile  
I her two kisses paid.  
The violet, made haste to appear  
To be her bosom-guest,  
With first primrose that grew this year,  
I purchased for <sup>1</sup> her breast :  
To me  
Gave she  
Her golden lock for mine ;  
My ring of jet,  
For her bracelet,  
I gave my Valentine.

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. “from.”

Subscribed with a line of love,  
My name for her I wrote ;  
In silk for me her name she wove  
Where to this was her mot,<sup>1</sup>  
“ As shall this year thy truth appear,  
I still, my dear, am thine ” ;  
“ Your mate today, and love for aye,  
If you so say,” was mine.  
While thus  
On us  
Each other’s favours shine,  
“ No more have we  
To change,” quoth she,  
“ Now farewell, Valentine.”  
“ Alas,” said I, “ let friends not seem  
Between themselves so strange ;  
The jewels both we dear’st esteem  
You know are yet to change.”  
She answers, “ No,” yet smiles as though  
Her tongue her thought denies ;  
Who truth of maiden’s mind will know  
Must seek it in her eyes.  
She blush’d,  
I wish’d

<sup>1</sup> Motto.

Her heart as free as mine,  
She sight <sup>1</sup> and sware  
“ In sooth you are  
Too wanton, Valentine.”

Yet I such further favour won  
By suit and pleasing play,  
She vow'd what now was left undone  
Should finish'd be in May ;  
And though perplex'd with such delay  
As more augments desire,  
'Twixt present grief and promised joy,  
I from my mate retire :  
If she  
To me  
Preserve her vows divine  
And constant troth,  
She shall be both  
My love and Valentine.

<sup>1</sup> Sighed.

From *Rawlinson MS. Poet.* 206.

ON A WATCH SENT TO A GENTLEWOMAN.<sup>1</sup>

G O and count her better hours,  
They more happy are than ours.  
The day that gives her any bliss  
Make it again as long as 'tis ;  
The hour she smiles, O let that be  
By thy art increased to three.  
But if she frown on thee or me,  
Know night is made by her not thee :  
Be swift in such an hour and soon  
Make it night though it be noon,  
And stay her times who is the free  
Fair sun that governs thee and me.

From *Wit Restored*, 1658.

A SONG TO HIS MISTRESS.

I WILL not do a sacrifice  
To thy face or to thy eyes,  
Nor unto thy lily palm,  
Nor thy breath, that wounding balm ;

<sup>1</sup> Also in *Wit's Recreations* (with slightly altered text).

But the part to which my heart  
In vows is seal'd  
Is that mine of bliss divine  
Which is conceal'd.

What's the golden fruit to me  
If I may not pluck the tree ?  
Bare enjoying all the rest  
Is but like a golden feast,  
Which at need can never feed  
Our love-sick wishes :  
Let me eat substantial meat,  
Not view the dishes.

From *Wit at a Venture: or*  
*Clio's Privy Garden*, 1674.

THE SURPRISING LOVER.

LOVE, in rambling once astray,  
Was benighted in his way ;  
With cold and tiresome cares oppress,  
He creeps in fair Lucina's breast  
To shelter there and take his rest.  
The nymph, not dreaming of her fate,



And of an unexpected guess<sup>1</sup>  
 Much less,  
 To come so late,  
 Slep[t] on : the youth, recov'ring heat,  
 Prepares his arms to try a feat.  
 The deed scarce done, the nymph awakes  
 And in the act the youngster takes,  
 Strangely surprised, yet well contented too  
 That she enjoyed so sweet a bed-fellow.  
 Then, viewing well her guess all o'er,  
 She liked his presence more and more ;  
 Telling him, rather than he should begone,  
 She'd nurse and keep him as her own ;  
 And if he'd vow ne'er to depart,  
 She'd find him lodging next her heart.

From *The New Academy of Compliments*, 1671.

PISH,<sup>2</sup> modest sipper, to't again !  
 My sweetest joy,  
 The wine's not coy  
 As women are.

<sup>1</sup> Old form of "guest."

<sup>2</sup> There is an inferior version of this poem in *Wu's Interpreter*.

My dearest puling, prithee then,  
Prithee, my fair,  
Once more bedew those lips of thine,  
Mend thy draught and mend the wine.  
Since it hath tasted of thy lip  
(Too quickly cloy'd),  
How overjoy'd  
It cheerfully  
Invites thee to another sip.  
Methinks I see  
The wine perfumed by thee, my fair :  
Bacchus himself is dabbling there.  
Once more, dear soul, nay prithee try ;  
Bathe that cherry  
In the sherry,  
The jocund wine  
Which sweetly smiles and courts thy eye  
As more divine ;  
Though thou take none to drink to me,  
Takes pleasure to be drunk by thee.  
Nay, my fair, off with't, off with it clean !  
Well, I perceive  
Why this you leave ;  
My love reveals

And makes me guess what 'tis you mean :  
Because at meals  
My lips are kept from kissing thee,  
Thou needs wilt kiss the glass to me.

From *Choice Drollery*, 1656.

AGAINST FRUITION.

THERE is not half so warm a fire  
In the fruition as desire.  
When I have got the fruit of pain  
Possession makes me poor again :  
Expected forms and shapes unknown  
Whet and make sharp tentation.  
Sense is too niggardly for bliss,  
And pays me dully with what is ;  
But fancy's liberal and gives all  
That can within her vastness fall.  
Veil therefore still, while I divine  
The treasure of this hidden mine,  
And make imagination tell  
What wonders doth in beauty dwell.

From *The Bristol Drollery*, 1674.

TO A YOUNG LADY IN A GARDEN.

*The Rose's Speech.*

FAIREST, if you roses seek,  
Take the nearest like your cheek.  
I, the damask, would presume  
To tender you my sweet perfume ;  
I am young, like you, a bud,  
Peeping thorough my green hood,  
Blushing only 'cause I see  
Fresher roses grow on thee.  
Crop me then and let me lie  
In the sun-shine of thine eye  
Till full-blown ; then let me grow  
In thy bosom, next thy snow,  
That I may find, when my leaves fall,  
In that sweet place a funeral.  
Then, Celia, be you like the rose,  
Who its season wisely chose ;  
Do not keep your maiden flower  
Beyond its time, its full ripe hour.

Like the rose, you need not offer ;  
But when a worthy hand doth proffer,  
Refuse not, Celia : on my life  
You'll wear as fresh when you're a wife.  
Let not your beauties untouch'd die,  
Or wither'd and neglected lie ;  
Rather let them thrive i' th' light  
Of his am'rous eager sight,  
That when at last they fall and spread  
It may be sweetly on his bed.

*From The Mysteries of Love and  
Eloquence, 1658.*

LOSE NO TIME.

LOSE no time nor youth but be  
Kind to men, as they to thee ;  
The fair lilies that now grow  
In thy cheeks, and purely show,  
The cherry and the rose that blow,  
If too long they hang and waste,  
Winter comes that all will blast.  
Thou art ripe, full ripe for men ;  
In thy sweets be gather'd then.

From *Westminster Drollery*  
(*Second Part*), 1672.

ONE AND HIS MISTRESS A-DYING.

SHALL we die  
Both thou and I,  
And leave the world behind us?  
Come, I say,  
And let's away,  
For nobody here doth mind us.

Why do we gape?  
We cannot scape  
The doom that is assign'd us;  
When we are in grave,  
Altho' we rave,  
There is nobody needs to bind us.

The clerk shall sing,  
The sexton ring,  
And old wives they shall wind us;  
The priest shall lay  
Our bones in clay,  
And nobody there shall find us.

Farewell wits,  
And folly's fits,  
And griefs that often pined us !  
When we are dead  
We'll take no heed  
What nobody says behind us.

Merry nights,  
And false delights,  
Adieu ! ye did but blind us :  
We must to mould,  
Both young and old,  
Till nobody's left behind us.

From JOHN COTGRAVE's *Wit's*  
*Interpreter*, 1655.

A HEALTH TO HIS MISTRESS.

TO her whose beauty doth excel  
Story, we toss these cups and sell  
Sobriety a sacrifice  
To the bright lustre of her eyes.  
Each soul that sips here is divine :  
Her beauty deifies the wine.

From *Harl. MS.* 6917. fol. 48.

A POEM OF SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH'S.<sup>1</sup>

NATURE that wash'd her hands in milk  
And had forgot to dry them,  
Instead of earth took snow and silk  
At Love's request to try them,  
If she a mistress could compose  
To please Love's fancy out of those.  
Her eyes he would should be of light ;  
A violet breath, and lips of jelly ;  
Her hair not black, nor over-bright ;  
And of the softest down her belly :  
As for her inside he 'ld have it  
Only of wantonness and wit.  
At Love's entreaty such a one  
Nature made, but with her beauty  
She hath framed a heart of stone ;  
So as Love, by ill destiny,

<sup>1</sup> This is the heading in the MS. Archdeacon Hannah, in his valuable edition of Raleigh's poems, makes no mention of this MS. poem. The last stanza, with a couple of lines tacked on, was printed in Raleigh's *Remains*, where it is stated to have been "found in his bible in the Gatehouse at Westminster." The whole poem is very much in Raleigh's manner ; and I congratulate myself upon its discovery.



Must die for her whom Nature gave him,  
Because her darling would not save him.

But Time, which Nature doth despise,  
And rudely gives her love the lie,  
Makes Hope a fool, and Sorrow wise,  
His hands do[th] neither wash nor dry ;  
But being made of steel and rust,  
Turns snow and silk and milk to dust.

The light, the belly, lips, and breath,  
He dims, discolours,<sup>1</sup> and destroys ;  
With those he feeds, but fills not, Death,  
Which sometimes were the food of joys :  
Yea Time doth dull each lively wit,  
And dries all wantonness with it.

Oh cruel Time, which takes in trust,  
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,  
And pays us but with age and dust ;  
Who in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wander'd all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days.

<sup>1</sup> MS. "discovers."

From *Add. MS.* 2218, fol. 32  
(compared with a copy in  
*Wit and Drollery*, 1661).

## CUPID'S HOLIDAY.

LADIES, whose marble hearts despise,  
Love's soft impressions ; whose chaste eyes  
Ne'er shot glance but might beseem  
Diana and her maiden team  
Of icy virgins ; hence, away !  
Disturb not our licentious play,  
For now 'tis Cupid's Holiday.

Go, glory in the empty name  
Of virgin ; let your idle flame  
Consume itself, while we enjoy  
Those pleasures which fair Venus' boy  
Grants to those whose mingled thighs  
Are trophies of his victories,<sup>1</sup>  
From whence new pleasures still arise.

Those only are admitted here  
Whose looser thoughts ne'er knew a fear  
Of man's embraces ; whose fair face  
Can give enjoyment such a grace

<sup>1</sup> This line is omitted in the MS.

As wipes away the hated name  
Of lust, and calls their amorous flame  
A virtue free from fear or shame.  
  
With them we'll number kisses till  
We pose arithmetic, and fill  
Our hearts with pleasure <sup>1</sup> till it swells  
Beyond those bounds where blushing dwells :  
Then will we ourselves entomb  
In those joys which fill the womb,  
Till sleep possesseth Cupid's room.  
  
At waking no repentance shall  
With our past sweetness mingle gall ;  
We'll kiss again till we restore  
Our strength again to venture more :  
Then we'll renew again our play,  
Admitting of no long delay  
Till we end our holiday.

W. MUNSEY.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Both the MS. and printed copy read "pleasures."

<sup>2</sup> I have at present no information about "W. Munsey," whose name is attached to this (not very valuable) poem in the MS. In Rawlinson MS. 117, fol. 151, a copy of "I saw fair Chloris walk alone" (which has been attributed, without evidence, by some to Carew, and by others to Herrick) is subscribed "Munsey." The well-known poem, "In the nonage of a winter's day," usually ascribed to Carew, is signed in *Rawlinson MS. Poet.*, 210, "W. Munsey."

From *Harl. MS.* 7332. fol. 47.

I N summer-time, when birds do sing,  
And country maids are making hay,  
As I went forth myself alone  
To view the meadows fresh and gay,  
The country maidens I espied  
With fine lawn aprons as white as snow,  
And crimson ribands about their arms,  
Which made a pretty country show.  
The young men fell a-prating,  
And took the maidens from hay-making  
To go and tumble, tumble, tumble, tumble, tumble  
Up and down the green meadow.

The next day being holiday,  
And country maids they would be seen,  
Each took his sweet-heart by the hand  
And went to dance upon the green :  
The country maids incontinent <sup>1</sup>  
Unto the green assembled were,  
Adorned with beauty's ornament,<sup>2</sup>  
Their cheeks like roses and lilies fair :

<sup>1</sup> Immediately, without delay.

<sup>2</sup> MS. "ornaments."

The young men fell a-skiping,  
The maidens nimbly fell a-tripping,  
They could not dance, but tumble, tumble, [tumble]  
Up and down<sup>1</sup> the green meadow.

The old men that had lived long  
And viewed full many a summer's day,  
Came gently walking by themselves  
To see them keep their holiday :  
The married men of middle age  
Brought forth their wives to see that sport,  
And they put on their best array,  
Unto the green they did resort :  
There music sweetly sounding,  
The maidens' hearts with joys abounding,  
They could not dance, but tumble, tumble, tumble  
Up and down the green meadow.  
When they with tumbling well had sweat,  
And tumbling joys had tasted well,  
And Phœbus almost lost his heat,  
Each did return where they did dwell :  
Their wives unto their husbands said  
The pretty sports which they had seen,

<sup>1</sup> MS. "vppon downe."

Wish'd them to teach them in their bed <sup>1</sup>

As did the lovers on the green :

The young men joyful-hearted

Each took his lass and so departed,

When they no more could tumble, tumble, tumble,  
tumble, tumble

Up and down the green meadow.

From *Harleian MS.* 791, fol. 55.

I N summer time when grass was mown  
And country maids were treading of hay,  
Then forth walked I in a fair morning  
Thinking to pass the time away.  
Fair lovely nymphs might there be seen  
With fine lawn aperns <sup>2</sup> white as snow,  
And crimson ribbons 'bout their arms,  
Which made a pretty summer show.  
There young lovers fell a-prating,  
And called their lovers from hay-making  
To go and tumble, tumble, tumble, tumble  
Up and down the meadow.

<sup>1</sup> MS. "beds."

<sup>2</sup> Old form of *aprons*.

Then the old wives fell a-laughing,  
And held their sides with extreme coughing,  
To see them tumble, tumble, tumble, tumble  
Up and down the meadows.

From *Wit Restored*, 1658.

WOMEN.

ONCE I must confess I loved  
And expected love again,  
But, so often as I proved,  
My expectance was in vain.

Women joy to be attempted,  
And do glory when they see  
Themselves from love's force exempted,  
And that men captived be.

If they love they can conceal it,  
And dissemble when they please,  
Whenas men will straight reveal it  
And make known their heart's disease.

Men must beg and crave their favour,  
Making many an idle vow,  
Whilst they, froward in behaviour,  
Fain would yield but know not how.

Sweet stol'n-sport to them is grateful,  
And in heart they wish to have it ;  
Yet they do account it hateful  
Upon any terms to crave it.

But, would men not go about it,  
But leave off at all to woo,  
Ere they would be long without it,  
They would beg and crave it too.

*From The New Academy of Com-  
pliments, 1671.*

**G**AZE <sup>1</sup> not on thy beauty's pride,  
Tender maid, in the false tide  
That from lovers' eyes do[th] slide.

<sup>1</sup> Attributed to Thomas Carew.



Let thy faithful crystal show  
How thy colours come and go ;  
Beauty takes a foil from woe.

Love, that in those smooth streams lies,  
Under Pity's fair disguise,  
Will thy melting heart surprise.

Nets of Passion's finest thread  
(Snaring poems) will be spread  
All to catch thy maidenhead.

Then beware : for those that cure  
Love's disease, themselves endure  
For a reward a calenture.

Rather let the lover pine  
Than his pale cheek should assign  
A perpetual blush to thine.

From *Wil's Recreations*, 1640.

LOVE BEGOTTEN BY PITY.

'TIS true your beauty,<sup>1</sup> which before  
Did dazzle each bold gazer's eye,  
And forced e'en rebel hearts t' adore  
Or from its conquering splendor fly,  
Now shines with new increase of light,  
Like Cynthia at her full most bright.

Yet, though you glory in th' increase  
Of so much beauty, dearest fair,  
They err who think this great access,  
Of which all eyes th' admirers are,  
Or art's or nature's gifts should be :  
Learn then the hidden cause from me.

Pity in thee, in me desire  
First bred : before I durst but aim  
At fair respect : now that close fire  
Thy love hath fann'd into a flame,  
Which, mounting to its proper place,  
Shines like a glory 'bout thy face.

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. "beauties."

From *The Windsor Drollery*,  
1672.

BE<sup>1</sup> thou joyful, I am jolly ;  
In thy pleasure's my delight.

Art th' inclined to melancholy ?

I am of that humour right ;

For I can joy, or joys can slight.

Art thou liberal of embraces ?

I can also lavish be.

Or dost thou scorn to yield such graces ?

I can scorn as well as thee :

Of these I can be nice or free.

Dost thou joy I should attain thee ?

Then I will thy servant be ;

Or if my presence do disdain thee,

I will never wait on thee ;

For I can love or let thee be.

<sup>1</sup> There is a somewhat similar copy of verses in *Choice Drollery*, 1656 :—

“ If at this time I am derided,  
And you please to laugh at me,  
Know I am not unprovided  
Every way to answer thee,  
Love or hate, Whate'er it be,” &c.

If to singing thou'lt apply thee,  
I can warble notes to thee :  
Or if to <sup>1</sup> sighing, I'll sigh by thee ;  
To thy passions I'll agree,  
For I'm to all thy humours free.  
Dost thou joy I should come near thee  
With a heart both firm and true ?  
Or dost thou fly my sight and jeer me ?  
Unto lovers that's not new ;  
For I can stay or bid adieu.

From WILLIAM CORKINE'S  
*Second Book of Airs*, 1612.

AWAY, away ! call back what you have said  
When you did vow to live and die a maid :  
O if you knew what chance to them befell  
That dance about with bobtail apes in hell,  
Yourself your virgin girdle would divide  
And put aside the maiden veil that hides  
The chiefest gem of nature ; and would lie  
Prostrate to every peasant that goes by,  
Rather than undergo such shame : no tongue can tell  
What injury is done to maids in hell.

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. "by."

From *The Windsor Drollery*, 1672.

UNDER <sup>1</sup> the willow-shades they were  
 Free from the eye-sight of the sun,  
 For no intruding beam could there  
 Peep through to spy what things were done :  
 Thus sheltered they unseen did lie,  
 Surfeiting on each other's eye ;  
 Defended by the willow shades alone,  
 The sun's heat they defied and cool'd their own.

Whilst they did embrace unspied,  
 The conscious willow seem'd to smile,  
 That them <sup>2</sup> with privacy supplied,  
 Holding the door, as 'twere, the while ;  
 And when their dalliances were o'er,  
 The willows, to oblige them more,  
 Bowing, did seem to say, as they withdrew,  
 "We can supply you with a cradle too."

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Ebsworth reminds me that this is Theocles' song, by Sir William Davenant, sung in Act iii. of "The Rivals," 1668.

<sup>2</sup> Old ed. "they."

From *The Treasury of Music*, 1669.

CÆLIA'S<sup>1</sup> COMPLAINT.

POOR Cælia once was very fair,  
A quick bewitching eye she had ;  
Most neatly look'd her braided hair,  
Her dainty cheek would make you mad :  
Upon her lips did all the Graces play,  
And on her breasts ten thousand Cupids lay.  
Then many a doting lover came,  
From seventeen till twenty-one ;  
Each told her of his mighty flame,  
But she foresooth affected none :  
One was not handsome, 'tother was not fine,  
This of tobacco smelt and that of wine.  
But 'tother day it was my fate  
To walk along that way alone ;  
I saw no coach before her gate,  
But at her door I heard her moan :  
She dropt a tear, and sighing seem'd to say  
" Young ladies, marry, marry while you may ! "

<sup>1</sup> This poem is by Thomas Flatman, and is printed among his *Songs and Poems*, 1669.

[ " Also in *Westminster Drollery*, *Windsor Drollery*, and *Pills to P. Mel.*, iii. 153. The music to it was composed by Roger Hill. " — *J. W. Ebsworth.* ]

From WILLIAM CORKINE'S  
*Second Book of Airs*, 1612.

TWO lovers sat lamenting  
Hard by a crystal brook,  
Each other's heart tormenting,  
Exchanging look for look,  
With sighs and tears bewraying  
Their silent thoughts delaying :  
At last coth <sup>1</sup> one,  
" Shall we alone  
Sit here our thoughts bewraying?  
Fie, fie, O fie,  
O fie it may not be :  
Set looking by,  
Let speaking set us free."

Then thus their silence breaking,  
Their thoughts too long estranged  
They do bewray by speaking,  
And words with words exchanged :

<sup>1</sup> "Coth" = quoth.

Then one of them replied,  
"Great pity we had died  
Thus all alone  
In silent moan  
And not our thoughts descried.  
Fie, fie, O fie,  
O fie that had been ill  
That inwardly  
Silence the heart should kill."

From looks and words to kisses  
They made their next proceeding,  
And as their only blisses  
They therein were exceeding.  
O what a joy is this  
To look, to talk, to kiss !  
But thus begun,  
Is now all done ?  
Ah, all then nothing is !  
Fie, fie, O fie,  
O fie it is a hell  
And better die  
Than kiss and not end well.



From *Sportive Wit*, 1656.

CHLORIS,<sup>1</sup> forbear a while,  
Do not o'erjoy me,  
Urge not another smile  
Lest it destroy me ;  
That beauty passeth most  
And is best taking,  
Which is soon won, soon lost,  
Kind, yet forsaking :  
I love a coming Lady, 'faith I do,  
But now and then I'd have her scornful too.  
  
O'ercloud those eyes of thine,  
Bopeep thy features,  
Warm with an April shine,  
Scorch not thy creatures ;  
Still to display thy ware,  
Still to be fooling,  
Argues how rude you are  
In Cupid's schooling :  
Disdain begets a smile, scorn draws us nigh,  
'Tis 'cause I would, and cannot, makes me try.

<sup>1</sup> "This was written by Henry Bold ; it is in his *Poems Lyrique*, 1664, p. 6."—*J. W. Ebsworth*. (I suspect Bold stole it : he was a notorious pilferer.)

Chloris, I'd have thee wise :

When gallants view thee,

Courting do thou despise,

Fly those pursue thee :

Fast moves an appetite

Makes hunger greater ;

Who's stinted of delight

Falls to't the better :

Be coy and kind betimes, be smooth and rough,

And buckle now and then, and that's enough.

*From Songs and Poems of Love  
and Drollery. By T. W.,  
1654.*

FAIR Chloris in a gentle slumber lay,  
Sleep taking rest  
In her calm breast,  
Whilst her veil'd eyes seem'd to eclipse the day  
The wanton sun would court her fain,  
Peep'd here and there, but all in vain.  
The leafy boughs a guard had made,  
Planting between their envious shade ;  
Whereat he chid his idle beams, that he  
Should want an eye whereby himself might see.

FROM CAMPION AND ROSSETER'S  
*Book of Airs*, 1601.

MY love hath vowed he will forsake me,  
And I am already sped ;  
Far other promise he did make me  
When he had my maidenhead.  
If such danger be in playing  
And sport must to earnest turn,  
I will go no more a-maying.  
  
Had I foreseen what is ensued,  
And what now with pain I prove,  
Unhappy then I had eschewed  
This unkind event of love :  
Maids foreknow their own undoing,  
But fear naught till all is done,  
When a man alone is wooing.  
  
Dissembling wretch, to gain thy pleasure,  
What didst thou not vow and swear ?  
So didst thou rob me of the treasure  
Which so long I held so dear.  
Now thou provest to me a stranger :  
Such is the vile guise of men  
When a woman is in danger.

That heart is nearest to misfortune  
That will trust a feigned tongue ;  
When flatt'ring men our loves importune  
They intend us deepest wrong.  
If this shame of love's betraying  
But this once I cleanly shun,  
I will go no more a-maying.

From *Vinculum Societatis, or*  
*the Tie of Good Company,*  
1687.

SILVIA, now your scorn give over  
Lest you lose a faithful lover :  
If this humour you pursue,  
Farewell Love and Silvia too.  
Long have I been unregarded,  
Sighs and tears still unrewarded :  
If this does with you agree,  
Troth, good Madam, 'twon't with me.

From *The Marrow of Compliments*, 1655.

MAIDS<sup>1</sup> they are grown so coy of late  
    Forsooth they will not marry ;  
Though they be in their teens and past,  
    They say that they can tarry.  
But if they knew how sweet a thing  
    It were in youth to marry,  
They'd sell their petticoats, smocks, and all  
    Ere they so long would tarry.  
The wench that is most coy of all,  
    If she had time and leisure,  
Would lay by all her several thoughts  
    And turn to love and pleasure ;  
For even the wisest heads sometimes  
    Put on the face of folly,  
And maids do nevermore repent  
    Than when they are too holy.  
Winter nights are long, you know,  
    And bitter cold the weather ;  
Then who's so fond to lie alone  
    When two may lie together ?

<sup>1</sup> D'Urfey printed these verses in his *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1700, ii. 93, as "The Silly Maids."

And is't not brave when summer's robes  
 Have all the fields encowled  
 To have a green gown on the grass  
 And wear it uncontroul'd?

From HENRY LAWES' *Airs and  
 Dialogues*, 1653.

A<sup>1</sup> CAUTION TO FAIR LADIES.

LADIES, you that seem so nice,  
 And as cold in show as ice,  
 And perhaps have held out thrice;  
 Do not think but in a trice  
 One or other may entice,  
 And at last by some device  
 Set your honours at a price.  
  
 You whose smooth and dainty skin,  
 Rosy lips, or cheeks, or chin,  
 All that gaze upon you win,

<sup>1</sup> This poem is ascribed by Lawes to Henry Harrington, son to Sir Henry Harrington. It is found among the *Fancies and Fantasticks* appended to *Wit's Recreations*.

["It has also been accredited to Dr. Henry Hughes; the initials suggest the ambiguity. It is also in Playford's *Select Ayres*, 1659, p. 26."—*J. W. Ebsworth.*]

Yet insult not : sparks within  
Slowly burn ere flames begin,  
And presumption still hath been  
Held a most notorious sin.

From THOMAS CAMPION's *Fourth*  
*Book of Aires* (circ. 1617).

**I**F any hath the heart to kill,  
Come rid me of this woeful pain,  
For while I live I suffer still  
This cruel torment all in vain ;  
Yet none alive but one can guess  
What is the cause of my distress.  
Thanks be to heaven, no grievous smart,  
No maladies my limbs annoy :  
I bear a sound and sprightly heart  
Yet live I quite deprived of joy ;  
Since what I had in vain I crave,  
And what I had not now I have.  
A love I had so fair, so sweet,  
As ever wanton eye did see ;  
Once by appointment we did meet :  
She would, but ah ! it would not be..  
She gave her heart, her hand she gave :  
All did I give, she naught could have.

What hag did then my powers forespeak,  
That never yet such taint did feel?  
Now she rejects me as one weak,  
Yet am I all composed of steel.  
Ah! this is it my heart doth grieve:  
Now, though she sees, she'll not believe.

From *The Academy of Compliments*, 1650.

WHEN doth Love set forth desire?  
In prime of youth, men say.  
And when again will it retire?  
When beauty falls away.  
Then you in youth that think on this,  
Taste what the sweetness of love is.  
  
The night comes not at lovers' call;  
Being come, stays not their leisure;  
Hours that are sweet are swift withall,  
And attend not on our pleasure:<sup>1</sup>  
Then you in youth, that think on this,  
Taste what the sweet of beauty is.

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. "leasure."



From JOHN COTGRAVE'S *Wit's*  
*Interpreter*, 1655.

I<sup>1</sup> WALK'D abroad not long ago,  
But will not tell you whither ;  
It is where flowers of beauty grow  
And fair ones flock together.  
And Cupid will great wonders show  
If ever you come thither.

For like two suns, two beauties bright  
Did shining sit together,  
As tempted by their double light  
Mine eyes were fix'd on either ;  
And both at once so show'd their might,  
I loved, but knew not whether.

Such equal sweetness Venus gave  
That she preferr'd not either ;  
That when for love I sought to crave,  
I knew not well of whether :  
For one while this I liked to have,  
And then I that had rather.

<sup>1</sup> I ought perhaps to omit this poem, for it is fairly well known. The writer was George Wither, in whose *Fair Virtue*, 1622, it first appeared. There are other versions in the *Marrow of Compliments*, 1655, and similar collections.

A lover of the choicest eye  
Might have been pleased with either,  
And so I must confess should I,  
Had they not been together :  
Now both must love or both deny,  
In one enjoy I neither.

But, happy chance, I feel no smart  
To curse my coming thither ;  
For, since that my divided heart  
I[n] choosing knew not whether,  
Love angry grew and did depart :  
And now I care for neither.

From *Melpomene; or the Muses'*  
*Delight*, 1678.

FADING BEAUTY.

TAKE Time, my dear, ere Time takes wing :  
Beauty knows no second spring.  
Marble pillars, tombs of brass,  
Time breaks down, much more this glass.  
Then ere that tyrant Time bespeak it,  
Let 's drink healths in 't first, then break it.  
At twenty-five in women's eyes  
Beauty does fade, at thirty dies.

From *Comes Amoris*, 1687.

WHEN<sup>1</sup> first Amyntas sued for a kiss  
My innocent heart was tender,  
That though I pushed him away from the bliss,  
My eyes declared my heart was won.  
I fain an artful coyness would use  
Before the fort I did surrender ;  
But Love would suffer no more such abuse,  
And soon alas ! my cheat was known.  
He'd sit all day, and laugh and play ;  
A thousand pretty things would say ;  
My hand he'd squeeze, and press my knees,  
Till further on he got by degrees.  
  
My heart, just like a vessel at sea,  
Would toss when Amyntas was near me.  
But ah, so cunning a pilot was he,  
Through doubts and fears he'd still sail on ;  
I thought in him no danger could be,  
So wisely he knew how to steer me ;  
And soon, alas ! was brought t'agree  
To taste of joys before unknown.

<sup>1</sup> This song is by Tom D'Urfey, and is printed in the first volume of his *Pills to Purge Melancholy*. In *Comes Amoris* the reading is "Aminta."

Well might he boast his pain not lost,  
For soon he found the golden coast,  
Enjoyed the ore, and touched the shore  
Where never merchant went before.

From THOMAS WHEELKES' *Airs*  
*or Fantastic Spirits*, 1608.

SOME men desire spouses  
That come of noble houses,  
And some would have in marriage  
Ladies of courtly carriage :

Fa la la !

But few desire, as I do,  
The maidenhead of a widow.

Fa la la !

Some think fair youth will cherish  
Strength that begins to perish ;  
I'll have no colts to taming,  
Let me be young'st at gaming.

Fa la la !

I'll get o'er, I'll go nigh to,  
The maidenhead of a widow.

Fa la la !

From *The Westminster Drollery*,  
1671.

THE ADVICE.<sup>1</sup>

P HILLIS, for shame ! let us improve  
A thousand several ways  
These few short minutes stol'n by love  
From many tedious days.

Whilst you want courage to despise  
The censure of the grave,  
For all the tyrants in your eyes,  
Your heart is but a slave.

My love is full of noble pride,  
And never will submit  
To let that fop Discretion ride  
In triumph o'er our wit.

False friends I have, as well as you,  
That daily counsel me  
Vain friv'lous trifles to pursue  
And leave off loving thee.

<sup>1</sup> "With music by Pelham Humphrey, in Playford's *Choice Ayres*, i. 34. Twice given in *Windsor Drollery*. Believed to be by Charles, Earl of Dorset."—*J. W. Ebsworth*.

When I the least belief bestow  
On what such fools advise,  
May I be dull enough to grow  
Most miserably wise.

From *Songs and Poems of Love  
and Drollery.* By T. W.,  
1654.

TO SYLVIA,

*On a Bracelet of her Hair.*

K NOW, Sylvia, that your curious twist,  
Which charms my heart and decks my wrist,  
On which I gaze so oft and pay  
Thousands of kisses every day,  
Is not so much my love and care  
'Cause tis composed of your hair ;  
And yet it truly may be said  
Sun-beams are woven of coarser thread ;  
Nor do I therefore like 't so much  
Because I find the art is such  
That if Arachne, when she strove  
With Pallas, the like web had wove,  
She had her skill and wrath o'ercome  
And gain'd a triumph, not a doom :

No, Sylvia, I the truth will tell ;  
I do not therefore like 't so well  
Because it is thy hair and art,  
But that it is thy gift, dear heart.

From *The New Academy of Compliments*, 1671.

I HAVE followed thee a year at least,  
And never stopped myself to rest,  
But yet can thee o'ertake no more  
Than this day can the day that went before.

In this our fortunes equal prove  
To stars which govern them above ;  
Our stars they move for ever round  
With the same distance still betwixt them found.

In vain, alas ! in vain I strive  
The wheel of fate faster to drive,  
Since if around it swifter fly,  
She in it mends her pace as much as I.

Hearts by Love strangely shuffled are,  
That there can never meet a pair ;  
Tamelier than worms are lovers slain ;  
The wounded heart ne'er turns to wound again.

From *Tixall Poetry*,<sup>1</sup> 1813.

TO FLORA.

WHAT though Flora frowns on me?  
'Tis but a chance of destiny.

The wisest I have heard to say,  
'Tis dusk before the break of day.  
Why should I curse that hour of night  
That brings the day to light?

Each angry look appears to me  
As witness of her modesty ;  
And blustering storms do but forerun  
The lustre of a brighter sun ;  
Which when appeased, I'm full possess'd  
Her frowns are but in jest.

I know, fair Flora, in thy breast  
A killing anger cannot rest :  
Yet for my humour I will love  
Though thou to me a fury prove :  
I know thy soul is so refined  
Thou wilt at last prove kind.

<sup>1</sup> From the section containing *Poems Collected by the Right Honourable Lady Aston* (p. 136).



From *The New Academy of Com-  
pliments*, 1671.

FAIREST thing that shines below,  
Why in this robe dost thou appear?  
Wouldst thou a white most perfect show,  
Thou must at all no garments wear :  
For thou wilt seem much whiter so  
Than winter when 'tis clad in snow.  
'Tis not the linen shows so fair,  
Her skin shines through and makes it bright ;  
So clouds themselves like suns appear  
When the sun pierces them with light ;  
So, lilies in a glass enclose,  
The glass will seem as white as those.  
Thou now one heap of beauty art,  
Nought outwards or within is foul ;  
Condensed beams make every part,  
The body's clothed like the soul,  
Thy soul which does itself display  
Like a star placed i' th' milky way.  
Such robes the saints departed wear,  
Woven all with light divine ;  
Such their exalted bodies are,  
And with such full glory shine :

But they regard no mortal's pain,  
Men pray (I fear) to both in vain.

Yet, seeing thee so gently pure,  
My hopes will needs continue still ;  
Thou wouldst not take this garment, sure,  
When thou hadst an intent to kill :  
Of peace and yielding who would doubt  
When the white flag he sees hung out ?

From *Wit's Cabinet*, n. d.

VIRGINS ADMONISHED.

PRETTY nymph, why always blushing ?  
If thou love'st why art thou so coy ?  
In thy cheeks these roses flushing  
Shew thee fearful of thy joy.  
What is man that thou shouldst dread  
To change with him a maidenhead ?  
At first all virgins fear to do it  
And but trifle away their time,  
And still unwilling to come to it  
In foolish whining spend their time ;  
But when they once have found the way,  
Then they are for it night and day.

From *Harl. MS. 7332. fol. 242.*

O HOW oftentimes have I  
Joyfully  
Under green trees in the shade  
My seat made,  
Dainty birds for to hear sing  
And the woods with music ring.

But the case is altered quite :  
My delight  
Is to hear my mistress dear  
Singing clear ;  
That music's sweet harmony  
Makes with joy my heart to die.

O how oftentimes have I  
Joyfully  
Seen so many pleasant flowers  
After showers  
Blushingly to show their pride,  
As if still they should abide.

But the case is altered quite :  
My delight  
Is to see how prettily,  
When that I  
Have stol'n a kiss, she will blush  
And in jest me from her push.

Adieu, then, without delay,  
I do say,  
Old delights, unpleasant toys ;  
For no joys  
Ye now have which me do please  
Or can comfort or can ease.

But pray come without delay,  
I do say,  
My new delight, most pleasant joy,  
And no toy ;  
It is you which me do please,  
And can comfort and can ease.

From *Wit Restored*, 1658.

TO B. R. FOR HER BRACELETS.

'TIS not, dear Love, that amber twist,  
Which circles round thy captive wrist,  
Can have the power to make me more  
Your prisoner than I was before ;  
Though I that bracelet dearer hold  
Than misers would a chain of gold.

Yet this but ties my outward part :  
Heart-strings alone can tie my heart.

'Tis not that soft and silken wreath,  
Your hands did unto mine bequeath,  
Can bind with half so powerful charms  
As the embraces of your arms ;  
Although not iron bands, my fair,  
Can bind more fiercely than your hair.

Yet that will chain me most will be  
Your heart in True Love's-knot to me.

'Tis not those beams, your hairs, nor all  
Your glorious outside doth me thrall ;  
Although your looks have force enow<sup>1</sup>  
To make the stateliest tyrants bow,

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. "enough."

Nor any angel could deny  
Your person his idolatry.  
Yet I do not so much adore  
The temple, but the goddess more.

If then my soul you would confine  
To prison, tie your heart to mine ;  
Your noble virtues, constant love,  
The only pow'rful chains will prove  
To bind me ever ; such as those  
The bands of death shall ne'er unloose,  
Until I such a prisoner be  
No liberty can make me free.

By SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE.

ICE AND FIRE.

N AKED love did to thine eye,  
Fairest, once to warm him fly ;  
But its purer flame and light  
Scorch'd his wings and spoil'd his sight.  
Forced from thence, he went to rest  
In the soft couch of thy breast ;  
But there met a frost so great  
As his torch extinguish'd straight !

When poor Cupid, being constrain'd  
His cold bed to leave, complain'd,  
"What a lodging's here for me,  
If all ice and fire she be!"

From *Wit's Recreations*, 1663.

ON THE EYES AND BREASTS OF THE LADY ON  
WHOM HE WAS ENAMOURED.

LADY, on your eyes I gazed;  
When amazed  
At their brightness,  
On your breasts I cast a look,  
No less took  
With their whiteness:  
Both I justly did admire,  
These all snow and those all fire.  
Whilst these wonders I survey'd,  
Thus I said  
In suspense:  
Nature could have done no less,  
To express  
Her providence,  
Than that two such fair worlds might  
Have two suns to give them light.

From *Tixall Poetry*,<sup>1</sup> 1813.

A SONG<sup>2</sup> FOR DRINKING.

WOULD you be a man of fashion?  
Would you lead a life divine?

Take a little dram of passion  
In a lusty dose of wine.

If the nymph have no compassion,  
Vain it is to sigh and groan :  
Love was but put in for fashion,  
Wine will do the work alone.

A SONG FOR LOVE.

WOULD you know earth's highest pleasure?  
Would you rival gods above?

Drink rich wines, but drink with measure,  
But fear no excess in love.

<sup>1</sup> From the section containing *Poems Collected by the Honourable Herbert Aston* (pp. 307, 308).

<sup>2</sup> "This was a song of 1683, set to music by Captain Pack, and not improbably to his own words. It was printed in 1684 in Playford's *Choice Ayres*, v. 14, and parodies soon followed. Cf. *Roxburghe Ballads*, iv. 350."—*J. W. Ebsworth*.



Or if wine you quite give over,  
You will nothing lose thereby;  
All is rapture to a lover,  
So in love he live or die.

From *Wit at a Venture: or  
Clio's Privy Garden*, 1674.<sup>1</sup>

## EPITHALAMIUM.

TO bed ye two in one united go,  
To pleasures killing;  
Embrace and struggle till your spirits flow,  
Embrace more willing  
Than th' loving palms (great union's wonder),  
That ne'er bore any fruit asunder.  
  
Be young to each when winter and grey hairs  
Your head shall climb;  
May your affections like the merry spheres  
Still move in time,  
And may (with many a good presage)  
Your marriage prove your merry age.

<sup>1</sup> "This appeared twenty-four years earlier, being by Robert Baron, among his *Poems*, 1650, p. 65."—*J. W. Ebsworth*.

From *Rawlinson MS. Poet.* 199.

TO HIS MISTRESS FEIGNING TO CONCEAL LOVE.

DO not rack my bleeding heart ;  
Fling away, or show thy dart ;  
Delay is a worse pain  
Than proud disdain.

Do not starve my ling'ring soul,  
That still waits till thou control ;  
And either send home mine  
Or give me thine.

Dost thou love me as thine own ?  
O then smile and do not frown :  
Love soured with debate  
Is worse than hate.

Dost thou hate me as too vile ?  
O then frown and do not smile :  
Hate sweetened so will prove  
Worse than love.

Sourest friend and sweetest foe,  
Do not love and hate me too :  
O 'tis a double ill  
To wound and kill !

Quickly, quickly, speak my fate :  
Dost thou love or dost thou hate ?  
Lest I too soon remove  
And hate thy love.

HE. RAMSAY.

*From Rawlinson MS. Poet. 199.*

A SONG.

SIGHS, blow out those flames in me,  
Or else allay them, ye cold fears,  
Till so their heat chastised be ;  
And then I'll quench them with my tears.

But oh ! my tears but oil will prove  
To feed the flame of my desire :  
My fears they stir the coals of love,  
My sighs like bellows blow the fire.

But surely I'll not fail of this :

I'll sigh away my soul in air,

Leaving my body cold as is

Her love to me or my despair.

W. R.

From *Harl. MS.* 6917. fol. 86.

**H**E or she that hopes to gain  
Love's best sweet without some pain,  
Hopes in vain.

Cupid's livery no one wears  
But must put on hopes and fears,  
Smiles and tears,

And, like to April weather,  
Rain and shine both together,  
Both or neither.

From *Harl. MS.* 4955. fol. 146.

(By DR. ANDREWES.<sup>1</sup>)

PHILLIS INAMORATA.

COME, be my valentine !  
I'll gather eglantine,  
Cowslips and sops-in-wine,  
With fragrant roses.  
Down by thy Phillis sit,  
She will white lilies get,  
And daffadilies fit  
To make thee posies.

I have a milk-white lamb,  
New-taken from the dam,  
It comes where'er I am  
When I call "Willy :"  
I have a wanton kid  
Under my apron hid,  
A colt that ne'er was rid,  
A pretty filly.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester, a prelate of rare virtue and high ability. This is the best of his poems.

I bear in sign of love  
A sparrow in my glove,  
And in my breast a dove,

                    This shall be all thine :  
Besides of sheep a flock,  
Which yieldeth many a lock,  
And this shall be thy stock :  
                    Come be my valentine !

By SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

THE FALL.

AS Chloe o'er the meadow past  
I viewed the lovely maid :  
She turned and blushed, renewed her haste,  
And feared by me to be embraced :  
My eyes my wish betrayed.

I trembling felt the rising flame,  
The charming nymph pursued ;  
Daphne was not so bright a game,  
Tho' great Apollo's darling dame,  
Nor with such charms endued.

I followed close, the fair still flew  
    Along the grassy plain ;  
The grass at length my rival grew,  
And caught my Chloe by the shoe ;  
    Her speed was then in vain.

But, oh ! as tottering down she fell,  
    What did the fall reveal ?  
Such limbs description cannot tell ;  
Such charms were never in the Mall,  
    Nor smock did e'er conceal.

She shrieked ; I turned my ravished eyes  
    And, burning with desire,  
I helped the Queen of Love to rise :  
She checked her anger and surprise,  
    And said, " Rash youth, retire ;

" Begone, and boast what you have seen ;  
    It shan't avail you much :  
I know you like my form and mien,  
Yet since so insolent you've been,  
    The Parts disclosed you ne'er shall touch."

From *Poems*. By W[ILLIAM]  
H[AMMOND], 1655.

THE FORSAKEN MAID.

G O, fickle man, and teach the moon to change,  
The winds to vary, the coy bee to range :  
You that despise the conquest of a town  
Rendered without resistance of one frown.

Is this of easy faith the recompense ?  
Is my prone love's too prodigal expense  
Rewarded with disdain ? did ever dart  
Rebound from such a penetrable heart ?

Diana, in the service of whose shrine  
Myself to single life I will confine,  
Revenge thy votaress ; for unto thee  
The reeling Ocean bends his azure knee.

And since he loves upon rough seas to ride,  
Grant such an Adria whose swelling tide  
And stormy tongue may his false vessel wrack  
And make the cordage of his heart to crack.



## ANOTHER.

**K** NOW, falsest man, as my love was  
Greater than thine or thy desert,  
My scorn shall likewise thine surpass :  
And thus I tear thee from my heart.

Thou art so far my love below  
That than my anger thou art less ;  
I neither love nor quarrel now,  
But pity thy unworthiness.

Go join, before thou think to wed,  
Thy heart and tongue in wedlock's knot ;  
Can peace be reaped from his bed  
Who with himself accordeth not ?

Go learn to weigh thy words upon  
The balance of reality,  
And having that perfection  
Attained, come then and I'll scorn thee.

From *Malone MS.* 13. fol. 53.

TO THE LADY MAY.

YOUR smiles are not, as other women's be,  
Only the drawing of the mouth awry ;  
For breasts and cheeks and forehead we may see,  
Parts wanting motion, all stand smiling by :  
Heaven hath no mouth, and yet is said to smile  
After your style :  
No more hath earth, yet that smiles too,  
Just as you do.

No simpering lips nor looks can breed  
Such smiles as from your face proceed :  
The sun must lend his golden beams,  
Soft winds their breath, green trees their shade,  
Sweet fields their flowers, clear springs their  
streams,  
Ere such another smile be made :  
But these concurring, we may say  
"So smiles the spring and so smiles lovely  
May."

AU. TOWNSEND.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The author of a couple of masques. He was a friend of Carew ; and is introduced into Suckling's *Session of the Poets*.

From *Harl. MS.* 6918. fol. 92.

LOVE'S CONTENTMENT.

COME, my Clarinda, we'll consume  
Our joys no more at this low rate ;  
More glorious titles let's assume  
And love according to our state.

For if Contentment wears a crown  
Which never tyrant could assail,  
How many monarchs put we down  
In our Utopian commonweal ?

As princes rain down golden showers  
On those in whom they take delight,  
So in this happier court of ours  
Each is the other's favourite.

Our privacies no eye dwells near,  
But unobserved we embrace ;  
And no sleek courtier's pen is there  
To set down either time or place.

No midnight fears disturb our bliss,  
Unless a golden dream awake us ;  
For care we know not what it is,  
Unless to please doth careful make us.

We fear no enemy's invasion,  
Our counsel's wise and politic ;  
With timely force, if not persuasion,  
We cool the homebred schismatic.

All discontent thus to remove,  
What monarch boasts but thou and I ?  
In this content we live and love,  
And in this love resolve to die :

That when, our souls together fled,  
One urn shall our mix'd dust enshrine,  
In golden numbers may be read  
" Here lie Content's late King and Queen."

J. PAULIN.

## L'ENVOI.

*WITH faith unfeigned and constant heart  
Still worship at Love's shrine :  
Love's votaries ne'er feel any smart,  
Nor at their yoke repine.*

*Your lady kind shall multiply  
Her kisses without measure ;  
Your days will slide unclouded by,  
Your nights be crowned with pleasure.*

*Love one, one only : if you stray,  
By random fires beguiled,  
In vain for grace you'll plead and pray,  
From Love's sweet court exiled.*

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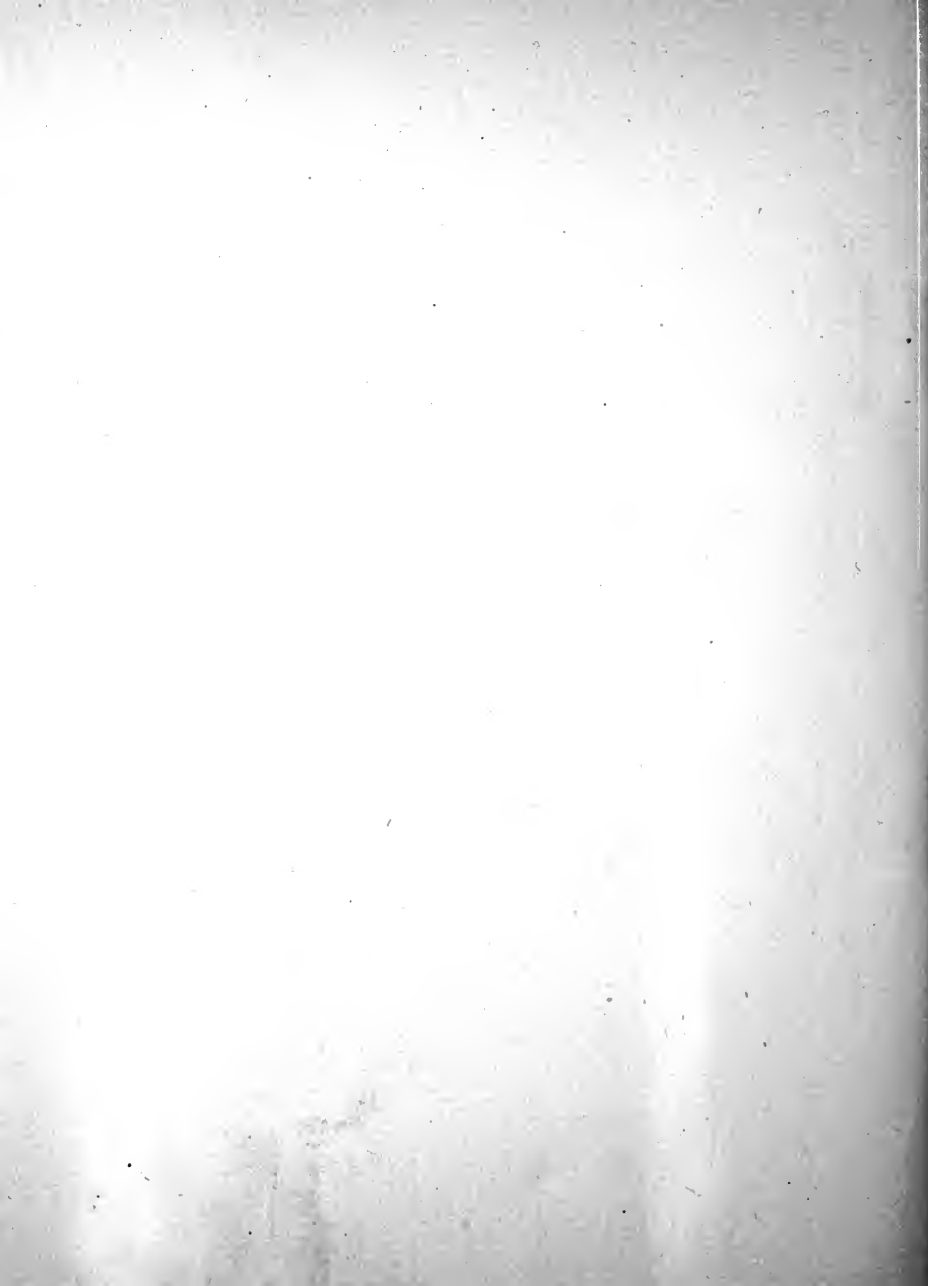
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